PAGES

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owes its greatest debt of gratitude. Many distinguished writers and authors are now on its rolls.

One of Mrs. Lincoln's happiest journalistic hits was writing up ex-Senator Thurman and his "red bandana," when he was candidate for vice-president. The red bandana became a party color.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Lincoln must possess unusual strength of will to be able to accomplish so much. She is not only a good worker, but likes her "hours of ease." She has for many years received hosts of friends on Tuesdays during the society reason. She is a dainty housekeeper, fond of being well and suitably dressed, and withal a genial hostess, making every one feel at ease in her presence. I happened to be present one evening at a literary gathering in her parlors, at which Olive Logan was the guest of honor and for the first time in Mrs. Lincoln's home. Turning to a lady who sat near her she said admirbly, "The home of an artist!" At that time Mrs. Lincoln's drawing-rooms were draped with maroon hanging and the walls covered with pictures or *souvenirs*.

Mrs. Lincoln's occasional "teas" are sevred in delicate bits of china, and in the dainty way that suits her style. The pretty writing-desk, the round table with papers, magazines and work-basket in loving proximity testify to her being an essentially domestic as well as a literary woman. Indeed she often surprises one with a bit of embroidery or sewing in hand. "She looketh well to the ways of her household also, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

During these recent years she has not been idle, but has devoted all her available time and strength to a work that would do credit to the brain and brawn of a man: "Central Figures in American Science," a book that is now almost ready for the publisher.

If Mrs. Lincoln ever carries out her idea of making a collection and selection of "Beech Leaves," they will be found to cover almost every event of prominence in social life at the capital for twenty years after the close of the war. I find one dated Saturday, May 25th, 1878, preceding the marriage of Lieutenant Hoxie and Vinnie Ream. She thus speaks of Vinnie's girlhood.

"Vinnie Ream was born in Madison, Wis. Her first brilliant success was in literature, for she won a prize in a class of five hundred young ladies when at Christian College, Missouri. She afterwards was the honored essayist of her class, her composition having the distinction of being published. Vinnie was once made May Queen and carried in triumph to her throne; so had the world by chance never had Vinnie, artist, as poet and writer Miss Ream might have won laurels."

I find this sentence at the head of a "Beech Leaf" which needs no date for it is as true this year as it was last or even twenty years ago:—

"The lights and shades of office-life are as variable as the officials who hold the balance of power evenly, until some 'sub' whose creed is red tape, winks at the scales and over they turn entirely on the wrong side, leaving justice in the lurch, and the 'sub' holding the reins. Recently while waiting for the benignant smile of a great official, a young man whose age I should judge was about twenty-two came in, and, placing a letter before the secretary, said, 'Mr. Secretary, just add your signature and it will settle that man's case. He has been hanging round here two months for an office; guess he's half-crazy anyhow by this time.' Without a moment's hesitation the official added his endorsement, when the man who had waited for weeks to get a chance to speak for himself, had his case 'settled.' The tears came to my eyes in spite of my efforts to crowd them back, when I thought of the man outside whose pale, pitiful face had such a look of misery, it was enough to make one's heart ache to see it."

How many such disappointed office or place seekers who still go away sorrowful of heart because lacking in "influence" enough to command attention without which "civil service examinations" are usually of but little avail.

The next "Leaf" I turn to relates to the scene immediately following the assassination of President Garfield, but as that is all painful history we will not quote now only this one:—

"It would not be possible to imagine a more exciting scene than was witnessed in any of the waiting-rooms or corridors of the White House, as people came and went, or lingered near the door of the bed-chamber, intense pain written on every face. My readers will pardon me if I introduce a rather mournful reminiscence of the President's inauguration—a gloomy inauguration as the Romans would have called it.

"As the grand cortege was returning from the Capital after the new President and ex-President were about midway between the Capital and the White House, I noticed a gap in the procession a short distance behind the carriage of the President. Suddenly there wheeled into the line a hearse. I threw up my hands in astonishment. 'There is a calamity for the White House.' I am not superstitious, but it was so strange a sight. There, amid waving banners and gaily-comparisoned horses, while drums, and bands, and guns, and human shouts rent the air with joyous vibrations, moved solemnly the car of death, its plumage and drapery shivering with every pulsation and causing a shudder to run through all beholders. On no previous occasion have I seen the ensign of death obtrude itself among the myriad features of the inauguration triumphal procession. Of course this incident meant nothing; it could have no possible bearing upon the mournful event of July 2nd, but in retrospect it looms up with strange fancied significance."

Here is a "Leaf" that contains some interesting bits of information in regard to State dinners in the Presidental mansion:—

"The impression prevails in many parts of the country that the government has to bear all the expense of these dinner-parties and official entertainments given by the President. This is entirely erroneous. The President pays for every item of expense, the government only providing for the service, but this does not include the *chef* or steward, whom the President hires himself. People here sometimes complain because the President does not entertain more, but I am of the opinion that dining from fifty to seventy guests every week or so is decidedly liberal. I could suggest but one worthy departure, and that would be to give the journalists and press people a dinner, but that of course his enemies would say he did for political effect."

The above extracts will serve to show why Mrs. Lincoln's "Beech Leaves" were so popular the world over. They told the story of official life as it appears in Washington, in a graceful and entertaining style that lifted those affairs above the commonplace. They were especially appreciated by ladies of leisure, who looked longingly forward to enjoying the kaleidoscopic life of a Washington winter sometime.

Mrs. Lincoln is very social in her nature. She attracts women to her through the bonds of sympathy, for her ear is ever open to the pitiful stories of women struggling to enter upon the inevitable trials and perils of a career. She is helpful in council and always encouraging. Out of her own hard struggle, where others failed, she has learned to know what is the heart of a brave and true woman, and to "lend a hand."

Mrs Lincoln is a thoroughly loyal wife and a devoted mother. Having but one child, he a son whom she idolizes, she could not but be *good* to one who is dear and essential to his happiness. She now also rejoices in being a grandmother. They dwell together under one roof in perfect domestic happiness. Time is beginning to scatter his frost upon Mrs. Lincoln's rippling hair, but we hope he will spare this courageous little woman, who is as good in friendship as other things, for many a year yet, to those who truly honor her. I could speak of close business connections existing between the writer and Mrs. Lincoln for some months, but it is only necessary to say, they ended as they began, in perfect peace, without the traditional "squabble" that women are supposed to get into whenever brought into close business or social relations.

Mrs. Lincoln, who is best known by the pen name of "Bessie Beech," has equal claims as poet, literateur and society woman.

Yours Very truly
Mrs M. D. Lincoln
"Bessie Beech"

She is small and dainty, almost girlish in figure, and possesses a face, the delicacy of whose expression the accompanying picture utterly fails to bring out.

Notwithstanding the fact that Washington society is more open than any other to representatives of the Press, there are certain qualifications requisite to a successful social correspondent, without which it is useless to attempt an entrance into the penetralia of its social life. Mrs. Lincoln possesses these qualifications, and with them that essentially feminine love of pretty things to wear that so many of our society reporters, whether consciously or not, most inappropriately neglect. Since her youth Mrs. Lincoln has been a constant contributor to various newspapers throughout the country, beginning in her native place, Canandaigua, New York, and in the first prosperous years of her married life she found this experience of service to her when reverses and ill-health came upon her husband, compelling him to seek a milder climate than that of northern New York. It was then that they came to Washington to live, and Mrs. Lincoln took up the burden of the family support to share it equally with her husband. Her first reporting for metropolitan journals was done when ex-President and Mrs. Hayes gave their silver wedding. This was reported by her for the New York *Times* in 1878, and for the New York *Tribune* she reported subsequent official social events for the New York *Sun*.

Mrs. Lincoln's hair is becoming silvery white, but she still retains the sweetness of expression and the old-time prettiness that was characteristic of her when she was placed by Mrs. Fassett in her remarkable picture of the recount of the Electoral College, in the Tilden-Hayes election, that hangs in the Senate gallery. Mrs. Lincoln is at present engaged upon a biography of scientific men in America.

Mrs. Lincoln was solicited by Charles Wells Moulton to become one of the editors of *A Woman of the Century*, but ill health obliged her to decline the honor. She was appointed by the Universal Peace Union of America as delegate from Washington, D. C., to the International Peace Congress which met in Rome last November. She is the President of the American Society of Authors for Washington, D. C.; Vice-President of the Woman's International Press Federation and corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Press Association of Washington.

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Hon. Mrs Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
" 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.
" 10—Agnes Knox, Toronto.
" 11—Maud Ogilvy.

Literature.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

The Arena And Woman's Cause.

We take pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been perfected for the publication of an elaborate symposium of Woman's Club Life, which will be a feature of the August *Arena*. Among a number of prominent women who will contribute to this symposium we take pride in mentioning:— I. May Wright Sewall; II. Mrs. H. M. Poole; III. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; IV. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith; V. Catherine Nobles; VI. Ellen M. Mitchell; VII. Mary E. Boyce; VIII. Louise Chandler Moulton. Other names will be announced later. The interest of this symposium will be deepened by the publication of several finely executed photogravures of leading spirits in women's club work.

AN article that will attract and interest all members of evangelistic organizations, is "The Christian Endeavor Movement" in the June *New England Magazine*, of Boston, Mass. It is written by three hands, and deals with the beginnings and methods and aims of the organization in a thoroughly comprehensive fashion. The President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Rev. Francis E. Clark, whose name is inseparably linked with the movement as the originator of it, opens with an account of "The Early Days of the Society." Amos R. Wells, the editor of the *Golden Rule*, the organ of the society, deals with it as "A New Religious Force," and touches upon its relation and helpfulness to the churches; and John Willis Baer, the Secretary of the Society, in "The Outlook and the Opportunity," describes the possible growth and future of the movement. The article is very fully illustrated with portraits of many of the trustees and with most of the presidents of the different state organizations. In fact every Christian Endeavorer will find the familiar faces of old friends there, no matter which part of this great country he or she may hold friends in.

This great movement from New England is fittingly present in this great *New England Magazine*.

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June, "John Gray; a Kentucky Tale of the Old Time," is by Jane Allen, who gives his readers a tender historical picture of the region named, singularly apart from anything written against a Kentucky background heretofore, yet brimming with local knowledge, and rivalling in its exquisite sympathy and touch all that the author has before produced. The peaceful theme of the tale, under Mr. Allen's own marked originality of handling, only serves to enchance the interest of the story.

MURAT HALSTEAD furnishes the *Journalist Series* with a paper on his "Early Editorial Experiences," that cannot attract a reawakening interest in the series.

HON. JOHN JAMES INGALLS contributes an article on the West, entitled "Westward the Course, of Empire takes its Way," bearing the impress of the ex-Senator's powerful style.

IN the *Athletic Series*, Frederick Weir gives a careful paper on the game of La Crosse.

One of the most interesting articles in the number is Prof. John Bach McMaster's historical sketch of The Struggle for the West.

"The Great American Desert," by Wm. P. G. Shanks, gives an amount of information about the growth of the principal cities in that region which will be new and of keen interest to most readers. The department "As It Seems" is as Western in spirit as the entire number, and discusses *The West in Literature*, Mr. Allen, and his novel, "*John Gray*."

THE short stories of the number are by Maurice Thompson and Patience Stapleton. The poetry is contributed by James Whitcomb Riley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Susie M. Best, Robert Loveman, Carrie Blake Morgan, and St. George Best.

In Bed by That Time.

Sally Humstead. "New York is a terribly noisy place. I should think the noise of the milk carts rattling through the streets at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning would drive you nearly crazy."

Madison Squeers. "Oh, well, you see, most of us are in bed and asleep by that time."

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

In Memoriam.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, MAY 24th, 1892.

Across the May-day sunlight falls the gloom
Cast by thy Shadow, King of Terrors. Thou
Ere that it dawned, hads't, by thy stern decree,
Muffled it's joy-bells. Ere its noon was past.
Instead of gladness, desolation reigned—
Yet, dare we not to murmur. But rejoice
That the rough road hath found at last the gate—
Thy gate, oh Death!—that leads to endless rest.
That from the burden all too bravely borne,
Thou hast released him. Peace, eternal piece,
Was in thy gift. We bow to thy decree,
Oh, Death ill-name, whose truer name is Life!

LEE WYNDHAM.

Old Hester's Tea-Talk.

FORTY odd years ago there prowled about the streets of the quaint little city of Perth Amboy, N. J., a queer character known as old Aunt Hester. She was a bit of driftwood from old colonial times, stranded on the shores of modern habitudes, and completely alien to her surroundings, although born in the place. It was hard to determine if she were white or black; though of course she was accounted colored, according to the strange law which classes as full negroes, all those who may have the faintest strain of negro-blood, though they may be seven-eighths white. Still, old Aunt Hester was by no means so white as that; she was probably a quadroon, whitened somewhat by the pallor of extreme age.

At the time referred to, no living being claimed kinship with her; and but for the benevolence of a kind-hearted old clergyman, who allowed her a small apartment in his wide garret, she would have been homeless. The little she ate, and the few old rags she wore,—mostly the cast off garments of kindly parishioners—made no perceptible drain, even upon the pitiful clerical salary of those times. In return the old soul doubtless could render some light domestic services to nearly the last of her days.

However, it was her outer life that fell more under my view. On fine days her bent figure, clothed in motley garments of varied, though of varied hues, and comprising articles of both male and female attire, was a sight calculated to inspire terror in timid little hearts. She usually wore old masculine boots, and always had her head swathed in bright cotton handkerchiefs, surmounted by a man's straw hat, tied down over her ears by a string under her chin. She carried a stout stick with which she overturned all the rubbish of the gutters, selecting everything that was saleable, and stuffing therewith an old bag she invariably carried. In this way she doubtless earned a few pennies for tobacco or other little personal wants. She groped along muttering and munching, taking no notice of anything but her hunting fields—the gutters. Nevertheless, her appearance was always the signal for shy little girls, like myself, to fly to some safe shelter. Yet the poor old creature was as harmless as a babe.

One day when I was hanging over the old-fashioned Dutch half-door of our front hall, I saw the old woman hobbling by. A summer shower was falling, and my kind hearted mother catching sight of her at the moment, said:

"There's poor old Aunt Hester out in the rain! She'll be worse with her rheumatism if she gets wet. Call her, Pet, and tell her to come under the porch till the shower is over."

Dear mother had no idea of my foolish fear of the old woman, and suddenly ashamed of it myself, I summoned up my courage and called:

"Aunt Hester! oh, Aunt Hester! Mother says come under the porch out of the rain, or you'll get sick."

The old creature looked up as if bewildered, but upon my repeating the invitation, she turned in at our gate, and came up on the broad, sheltered porch. This brought her nearer to me than I ever had been before, and I wondered that I had so long dreaded one so weak and feeble. Mother asked her to go to the kitchen to get something hot, but she declined; servants were not wont to be very considerate to her. So mother sent me to fetch a cup of hot tea and some biscuits, while she talked gently to the lonely old soul.

When I returned with my tray, I found her seated within the hall at a little table mother had placed for her, and while she sipped her tea, I resumed my seat by the door.

"Is it nice tea, Aunt Hester?" I asked.

"Yes, honey! nicest I've drank for many a long year. 'Most nice as the old timey guv'ment tea."

"What kind was that?"

"Oh! chile the nicest as ever was. Wat dey uster to hab in de ole Tea-House."

"The old Tea-House down by the shore? I know they call it the Tea-House, but I never knew any tea was kept there."

"Dere hasn't been none, honey, for many a long day; but dere uster be heaps ob it long syne."

"When?"

"Oh! afore de ole war."

"Oh, Aunt Hester! tell me all about it," I cried, all my childish eagerness for a story awakened. "I'll get you lots more tea and toast."

Having replenished the tray, I asked, to set her going,

"Where did all the tea come from?"

'Oh, honey, from ways off yonder,' pointing with her cane out over the broad bay. "The big ships uster come in, wid all dere wite sails set, looking so grand, jes' like big wite angels a-sailing in de clouds; and wen dey got up near de shore, de boys rowed out in de skifts and bring de chists a shore and stowed 'em in de Tea-House. Dey come from ways, ways, far off," answered Aunt Hester, vaguely

"What became of them," I asked.

"Well fust off, wen I was quite little, de rich folks uster buy it, do' it was pretty dear; but bime-bye it got dearer and dearer 'cos de tax was so high, and no one couldn't or wouldn't buy it no more. And it jes' stayed dar in de chists, and at las' some ships cum, and dey wouldn't let dem land no more tea anyhow, and dey jes' had to sail back again widout unloadin'. And I heern Mass'r Dunlap—my old mass'r—tell one mornin' 'bout some fellers down to Bridgeton, ways off Souf, who dressed up like Injins and bruk into dere Tea-House, smashed up de chists, and trew heaps of good tea into de ribber."

"I thought that was up at Boston," I said, remembering my history lessons.

"Mebby so," acqueised Aunt Hester, "but dey did it at Bridgeton too—leastways Greenwich close by—for Mass'r Dunlap had been dere wisiting, and seen 'em wid his own eyes."

"Did they ever spill any in our river?"

"No, chile, not as I ever heerd on; but after the war bruk out dey selled it widout no tax. Dat was de time I uster git a cup now and den; and it was good," she added with gusto.

I laughed; my unfounded fear of the old creature had vanished, and I now regarded her as a well of delightful narratives; all the more fascinating for being true, and of native growth. To think that the old "Tea-House," now let out in rooms to poor families, and whose basements were used for oyster opening and packing, had actually played its part in the glorious Revolution, that we studied about in our histories. Oliver-like I thirsted for more.

"Was Amboy different then, Aunt Hester, from what it is now?" I asked tentatively.

"Laws, yes, honey, heaps different. De streets 're pretty much de same. Here's High street and dere's Smith street, wid de ole town well jes' where dey cross. And up yon's de market-house, on de green mound. Dere ain't no markets held dar now; but in dem days, afore de war, dere uster to be markets twict a week, Chewsdays and Sat'days, and big fairs twict a year; and all de farmer folks come in airly in de mornin', and tied dere horses by de railin' round de town well, and selled dere truck in de market And all de mass'rs and misseses took us boys and gails wid baskets to bring home wat dey buys, and we had rolicking and frolicking, and lots to eat."

"Were there many people here then?"

"Heaps more dan dere is now," answered the old woman, "and heaps grander. Dere were my folks—de Dunlaps—and de Kearneys, and de Parkers, and de Rattoone's, and de Bells, and de Marshes, and de Gordons, and de Hallidays, and more yet. And dey mostly had heaps of us 'people,' my mass'r more'n all."

"You had good times then?"

"Yes, indeedy! Dere were grand times at Brighton House where de Guv'ner lived. De carriages would stream troo de windin' abenue, under de big trees, and cum sweepin' up to the great porico, filled wid fine-dressed ladies, and officers wid gold lace on dere coats. All cum to dinner, and a dance afterwards, ofen and ofen. I uster to go wid Miss Dunlap to see she was all right before goin' down-stairs, for I was her maid. We all had our own good times too, in de big servant's hall down stairs."

"Where did the officers come from?" asked I, who had never seen a soldier in all my little life.

"Why from de barracks, jes' out ob town, to be sure. Dere were heaps of soldiers dere den, hundreds of dem in dere red coats. And dey drilled mornin's and ebenin's, and had bands; and sometimes dey marched troo de streets, and didn't we chilluns hub to see dem! And on Sundays 'twas best of all. How dey marched wid dere band playing, and flags and banners; and passed up de aisle ob ole St. Peter's, and filled 'most all de pews; and Dominic Preston, de chaplain, preached powerful, and 'most made de gold dove fly of de top of de big sounding board ober his head. Oh, dem was de fine times!"

"And so you were really living all through the Revolution, Aunt Hester?"

"Yes, chile, but *dem* wasn't nice times no how. De rebels cotched Guv'ner Franklin and sent him off to Connecticut; and de pretty church was turned into a hospital, and afterwards into a stable; and dere were heaps of drunken soldiers cum here—Hessians dey called dem—and Mass'r Dunlap got scairt, and we all moved to New York for awhile, till the wust was over."

"But, Aunt Hester, the Revolution was grand," said I, my patroitism aroused. "It gave us freedom."

"Well, yes, I know folks talk dat way now," admitted Aunt Hester. "But 'twasn't nice while it lasted, any ways And as for freedom, we 'people' had heaps better times afore."

I did not comprehend the fond hankering of the old for the scenes and times of their youth; and my ideas of the glorious Revolution and its effects were somewhat shocked. To turn the subject a little, I asked:

"Did you ever see Gen. Washington, Aunt Hester?"

"No, Missey, but I seen Lord Howe and Lord Cornwallis heaps ob times. Lord Howe, he libed ober on Staten Island a while, wen he wasn't on his ship, in de ole Billop house on the Pint, jes' opposite. And Lord Cornwallis, he libed here in de Castle on de bank. Dey both a-wisited my mass'r, for we was king's folks, not rebels," answered she, with a scornful note on the last word.

"But, Aunt Hester," I urged, "the rebels, as you call them, were right. Gen. Washington was one, and so was my grandfather."

I could not bear to have any reflection cast upon those I honored with all my childish enthusiasm.

"Well, honey," conceded the old woman, in an apologetical tone, "so dey says now; and perhaps dey's right. But in dose days all de grand folks hereabouts were king's folks mostly.

Just then mother appeared saying:

"You and my little daughter have had a nice long chat, Aunt Hester. I hope you enjoyed your tea."

"Yes, Missis, thank ye," answered the old woman, rising and courtesying with dignity, notwithstanding her queer array, "and it was mighty good; and your little Missey has cheered up old Hester powerful."

"Well, come in again whenever you like, and you will always find a cup waiting for you," said mother, dismissing her kindly, for the shower was over; and so was my silly dread of a simple and harmless old woman, whose heart was buried in the past.

MAIDA BURTON.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Faith.

"Now when He had left speaking, He said unto Simon, launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."—Luke v. 4.

"Launch out into the deep." This was a call to new and untried effort, a call to go forward in faith, faith in Him Who spoke to them, faith in the fuller stores that God might have hidden in the depth when the inshore fisheries had failed them, faith in the love and power of the Lord which thus far they had tested only in the shallows, the edge that lay along the beach. Push forth now in a new venture of faith, for the deep is in God's hand and is full of God's mercy.

And this word, "Launch out into the deep," comes as a call to faith in a thousand different forms. Faith is called to make ventures, to push forward, to explore and to possess new fields. This is a characteristic feature of faith. It looks out into the unseen and wants to explore it; it scans into the wide ocean and wants to cross it; it sees the dream, the vision of new lines of enterprise and effort, and wants to turn the vision into reality, the dream into solid fact. We all tend to become custom-ridden, stupified by routine, moving day after day in old ruts, and so to decay through the stagnation of habit, the dry rot of use and wont. But faith steps out of the old familiar ruts, and moves forward to possess new fields, confident that there are always better things yet to be disclosed, richer treasures yet to be secured. It is faith that keeps life fresh; old customs tend to grow corrupt, but faith turns up new soils, brings to light the wealth of hidden depths, and puts forth like Columbus across strange, untravelled seas to open new lines of intercourse and to possess new continents. "Launch out into the deep" is thus the constant call to which faith is ready to respond, and this answering effort of faith, as it moves forward to test the untried depths of God's love and power, is the spring of what is noblest in human life. Let us try to illustrate this.

Christ's call to launch out into the deep, comes, for instance, to each of us in the field of personal religion. When He calls us to cease from trusting in ourselves or in any earthly connection and bids us trust in Him and in the abundant grace of God, is not this a call to launch out into the deep? We cling to the shore, we linger in the shallow waters, as if we were safer as long as we can trust the land. We rely on our friends, on the familiar influences of our homes, on the social helps and buttresses that may be round about us; and yet, so far as any spiritual good is concerned, any true religious experience or blessing, our life may be as barren as the labor of the disciples when they had toiled all night and had caught nothing. It is not until we answer Christ's call to put out that we reap any return. God's grace flows round about us like the wide and inexhaustible sea; but you cannot learn the fullness of its glory and of its treasures by lingering in the shallows where the sea plays upon the beach; to know these you must push out where you will feel nothing round about you or beneath you but this great, rich, sustaining sea of God's grace. Faith in that grace is like a boy's effort at swimming; as long as he lets even a tiptoe touch the earth, or clings to any support, he is not a swimmer; he must strike out, trusting only to the water to bear him up, and as he does so he finds that the water justifies his faith.

Or faith in Christ might be likened to the stroke that sets free the newly built vessel to move down the launch-ways into the sea. Months have been spent in building, but at last the hour has come when all is ready for the launch. The sea lies waiting in sunny brightness to receive the ship; one final decisive blow is struck; and she moves gently, yet resistlessly, into the water, to float there in her fitting element and to fulfil by many a voyage the purpose for which she was built.

So the soul needs but the sharp, decisive stroke of faith to slip into the ocean of God's abundant grace, where alone it can fulfil the purpose and perform the work for which it was created. And is there not many a soul that, from lack of this decisive act of faith, remains useless as a ship on the stocks, in danger of nothing there through long delay? All the work spent on the ship is labor lost if she never leaves the stocks; and all the love and labor banished on a human soul is love's labor lost unless that soul will launch forth and make personal proof of the grace of God.

Again, this call to faith, "Launch out into the deep," comes in regard to new activities, new lines and fields to work. God is calling some of His children in every generation to lay first lines of effort, to open up new fields of work and of reward; and every one who responds to this call seems to be venturing into unfathomed depths; yet these are the world's most heroic and most helpful souls. He laid that call on Moses when He sent him first to the wilderness that in its silent depths he should spend forty years preparing for his later work, and, afterwards, when he sent him to lead Israel out of Egypt. The work of the deliverance and of the exodus, and the long journey through the desert lay before him as an untried depth before the fishermen; but, at the word of the Lord he put forth, and he found that the depth was in God's control and was full of God's mercy. As at the dawn of creation, darkness might be on the face of the deep; the dark curtain of the future might hide it; but, day by day, it unfolded in the light of God, with new disclosures of God's love and power.

The Lord laid that call on young Saul of Parsus when he entered Damascus blind and humbled instead of entering full of persecuting zeal; and as in his blindness he came to himself by coming first to the Lord, he heard the Divine voice bidding him cut all connection with his past life, like one leaving the shore to which he has clung too long, and to put forth with a new life. And often afterwards the Lord opened for him strange doors into unexpected scenes—called him to go forth into new and familiar ways. When he visited Antioch the word came for him to go to the gentiles. When he visited Troas the word came for him to cross from Asia into Europe, the first missionery to call the chief continent of the earth to Christ. To Paul, far oftener than to most men, came a call from the Lord to go forth to untried fields—each fresh move marking an epoch in the Church's history.

The same call came to Carey a century ago, as he thought of the vast heathen world that was without the knowledge of Christ. He must leave the familiar shores of England and the friends of his early labors and launch forth to India, to find new disclosures of the wealth of God's grace and of the greatness of God's power. Men thought it was a leap in the dark. So it would have been, had he gone by his own guidance; but no depth could be dark when God was with him. Carey cast in his net at the Lord's bidding, and his obedience of faith received a rich reward.

The same call came to Livingstone, the Scottish weaver lad, and he launched forth across the sea to Africa. Then, from the home where Dr. Moffatt had already begun his great work, Livingstone heard the call to go further, and yet again and again the call came to him to go further and still further into the depths of African forest, to open the path for the Christian missionary and for the Christian merchant, to strike blows prophetic of the destruction of the slave trade, to reap first fruits of the harvest that Africa shall yield for Christ.

Look over any period of the Church's history—nay, for that matter, look over the history of any country; note the men that have been of most service to their fellow-men, the statesmen that knew "when to take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of freedom wider yet," the reformers that fling themselves into the redress of long-standing wrongs, the men of business who open up new fields of employment and create new lines of commerce; these, no less than the missionary, put forth in faith into untroden fields of effort, answering the call to launch out into the deep.

But, in a special sense, that call is laid upon the Church of Christ; for the Church is to live and work by faith, ever ready to catch and ever prompt to obey her Lord's command, ever finding new methods and opening new lines of labor by which to bring in the world to her Master, pushing further and further into the depths at home and among the heathen to gather more abundant spoils for Christ. Nor is it otherwise with even the humblest believer. None of us can reap our richest harvests or fill our nets with goodliest spoils if we content ourselves with the routine of custom laid down by others. Each life of faith should have something fresh, some new departure, some effort of its own, just because each separate believer should hear and obey this command of Christ. There are new forms of work waiting to be tried, "like truths of science waiting to be caught." There are sacrifices of our own that we are called to make, along lines opened for us that are not opened in the same way for others. There are new experiences of God's mercy and ready to be disclosed, like rooms filled with treasure whose doors open only at the touch of faith. We are too timid; we have not the hopeful courage of strong faith; we linger near the shore in the familiar shadows; but, if we are to be rich in work for the Master, rich in devoted self-sacrifice, rich in Christian experience, we must push forth from the familiar and commonplace shallows, and with faith of the power and obedience at the helm, launch out into the deep.

Once more, this call to faith comes in regard to new fields of knowledge. There are some men—indeed one might say there is a class of men—who seem to think that what is worth knowing is already known and can be found in books, that all we require to do is to make ourselves acquainted with the old familiar truths. To that view they look on Science as if it had nothing more to unfold on political economy as if the last chapter on trade questions and our government had already been written on theology as if we had mastered all the Bible and God had nothing to teach us by His Word and Spirit that was not known to the fathers three centuries ago. They make no room in their view of the broad domain of knowledge for anything new being unfolded; all they can aim at is to get acquainted with what is already written.

Now, that is not the view that faith takes. Faith holds that God has always better and fuller things in store for us, to be disclosed as we are able to bear and to use them, revealed when God sees that the time is ripe and faith pushes forth to lay hold of these.

James Watt, for instance, looks at the kitchen kettle and sees the escaping steam lifting the lid. His thoughts go wandering off into new, strange fields, for there dawns upon his mind a vision of the power of steam. He has faith enough in the order of good government of God's universe to know that steam will obey the same laws elsewhere that it does in the kitchen kettle. He sees before him new realms of knowledge opening out, and new possibilities of human effort beckoning him on. He hears within him the call to examine, to try, to make experiment, to launch out into the deep; he obeys the call and reaps the reward in the creation of the steam engine.

Thomson, Edison and others learn what they can from books and teachers about electricity, but they feel convinced they are only in the shallows near the beach, only on the margin of the sea of scientific truth, as Newton said that he was but a child gathering pebbles on the shore of Truth's great ocean; and as Newton launched out into the starry depths to unfold the laws of the heavenly bodies, so these men launch out into the deep things of electrical science and bring back a rich harvest for the benefit of others.

So, in our knowledge of divine things, of our Bible, of the affairs of God's Kingdom, of the vast realm of spiritual truth, we must not suppose that we have reached the limit, or have attained the fullness of all that God will make known to us. If we earnestly study our Bible for ourselves we will find in it a fullness of light and of truth surpassing what we gain from other sources as the fullness of the deep surpasses the shallows near the shore. We must not be afraid to examine, to search, to question for ourselves, or to doubt the conclusions drawn by others.

> For he who feareth, Lord, to doubt,
> By that fear doubteth thee.

If we launch forth at Christ's word, we shall find that God has new stores of truth to unfold to us. Old creeds and teachers might be like those that would keep us close to the shore: we shall find new wealth of knowledge if at Christ's bidding, and led by His Spirit, we launch out into the deep. The Church and the world

would be ill off to-day had it not been for those who, from time to time, have thus put forth to prove along the deep the riches of God's wisdom and mercy; that call to launch out came to Wycliffe and Tyndale to read the Bible for themselves and to let the people possess its light; it came to Luther when old teachers would try to keep him in the shallows, but Christ was calling him to push forth to new realms of truth, to trust God, not be afraid; it comes to the teachable, the faithful, the fearless in every age, and they who obey the call receive their reward from the God of Truth, and enrich others with the fruit of their search, and become the apostles, reformers and teachers of the world.

But while this call to launch out into the deep is thus a call to faith, whether it be to the deep of personal experience, of new activity, or of richer stores of knowledge, it comes also in some form to unbelief as well as to faith. There are times when the hand of the Lord seems to push our boat out into the deep whether we will or no; times when we might prefer to linger in the familiar shallows and close to the shore, as if we were safer there; but, with a voice and a touch that we cannot resist, He launches us out into the deep. He does so, for instance, in sorrow, in affliction, in bereavement. When sickness comes and the familiar things of business, of pleasure and society seem like objects on shore that are receding from our view as we drift out to sea; when bereavement comes and the hand we best loved to clasp lies cold, and a dreary loneliness creeps round the heart, and it seems as if other friends were further off, like persons on the beach that watch us as we sail away; when thus the Lord passes us through affliction and cuts the cables that bound us to our old moorings as if sending us adrift, He seems to say to us: "Launch out into the deep!" And yet that deep is in God's hand; we are not drifting away from His presence. As the old sailor said in the storm: "We're as near heaven on sea as we are on shore." Indeed, we may be nearer heaven when thus thrust forth upon the deep waters of affliction; nearer because feeling more keenly our need of God; nearer because finding there, like the disciples in the depth of Guinesaret, new proofs of God's mercy and power.

And then, a little further on, there comes to each of us through the lips of God's last messenger, death, the call to launch out into the deep. None of us know what it is to cast off the last cords and cables that here bound us to the shores of this life; to weigh anchor when we have been floating here so long in the familiar shallows; to part company with friends and acquaintances; to see them waving their last farewells as we pass on in silence to the untried, unfathomed depths of what we call "the other world." None of us know it yet; we shall each know it some day. But that deep, too, no less than the depth of the Sea of Galilee, is in God's control, and for those who hear Christ bidding them launch forth it is full of God's love and mercy.

> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air,
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.

Christ has the keys of death and of the unseen world. It is at His call that the believing soul goes forth, and He leads out His own into fuller and still fuller proofs of the Father's power and love. He has always better things in store; for them the best is yet to be; and, at their last launching forth into the deep, they shall find that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

> Sunset and evening star,
> And a clear call to me;
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea;
> But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
> Too full for sound or foam,
> When that which drew from out the wondrous deep
> Turns again home.
>
> Twilight and evening bell,
> And after that the dark;
> And may there be no moaning of farewell
> When I embark;
> For though from out our bourne of time and place
> The flood must bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

Rev. D. M. Gordon.

Halifax has several clergymen whose preaching is considerably above the average. Rev. D. M. Gordon, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, is one of these. He is, in fact, one of the finest pulpit orators in Canada. Mr. Gordon was born in Picton, Nova Scotia, in 1845, and educated at Picton Academy and Glasgow University. His abilities in this direction were first prominently brought to the notice of the public during his pastorate of St. Andrew's, Ottawa, the church now presided over by the popular young divine, Mr. Herridge. At the capital Mr. Gordon was wont to preach to large congregations, his thoughtful sermons and splendid delivery attracting to his church very many outside his own congregation. Going from Ottawa to Winnipeg, Mr. Gordon there took charge of the big Knox Church. In 1879, while he was pastor of St. Andrew's, Ottawa, Mr. Gordon made a trip from the Pacific across northern British Columbia, through the Peace River pass, and over the prairies of the Northwest, a narrative of which was published under the title of "Mountain and Prairie." From this personal acquaintance with the western half of our country, he was led to cherish the largest confidence in its future, and to take a very warm interest in its development. It was his recognition of the claims of the Presbyterian Church in the great West that induced him in 1882 to resign his charge in Ottawa and accept the pastorate of Knox Church in the metropolis of Canada's Northwest. There was heavy work to be done in the new country, and Mr. Gordon did not spare himself. When the rebellion broke out in 1885, Mr. Gordon, as chaplain of the 90th battalion, was at "the front." He was with the troops during the four days' fighting at Batoche, being the only minister present with the fighting column at that time. He regarded it as one of the greatest privileges he ever enjoyed to minister to "the boys" amid the stirring scenes of the campaign. He took an active part in the educational work of the Church, being for several seasons lecturer in Manitoba College; and also in the work of Church extension and of church and manse erection throughout Manitoba and the N. W. Territories, for the rapidly increasing requirements of the Church in that country called forth all the energies of her ministers. The result in his case, as in that of some others, was that his strength was overtaxed. It became necessary for him, on this account, to change his sphere of labor. This was towards the close of the year 1887. St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, was then without a pastor, and the congregation, to a member, were for calling Rev. Mr. Gordon. It was generally believed he would not accept, but, much to the gratification of those concerned, such was not the case. Mr. Gordon wanted to get near the ocean; and, as the old Atlantic rolls right up against Halifax, he decided that there he would go. He was inducted on the first Sabbath of 1887, and since then has labored earnestly and faithfully, his ministrations having been attended with marked success. The congregation has grown, and the pastor is dearly loved by his flock. Mr. Gordon has the reputation of never preaching a "poor" sermon. His delivery is exceedingly quiet, but he never fails to keep the listener's attention throughout the entire discourse. Out of the pulpit Mr. Gordon is an exceedingly pleasant and congenial man. He is not particularly given to visiting, but in times of sickness or distress he is most unfailing; those who have experienced his kindness in these respects are the ones who can best bear testimony to the real goodness of the man. The congregation of St. Andrew's is one of the best in Halifax, and though not numerically large, it stands among the foremost of the congregations

within the synod in its support of the general mission work of the Church.—[ED.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec. 26th, 1891:		Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan. 2nd, 1892:		Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
" 9th,	" :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
" 16th,	" :	Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York.
" 23rd,	" :	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
" 30th,	" :	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb. 6th,	" :	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
" 13th,	" :	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
" 20th,	" :	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
" 27th,	" :	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March 5th,	" :	Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
" 12th,	" :	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
" 19th,	" :	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
" 26th,	" :	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April 2nd,	" :	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
" 9th,	" :	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D. Woodstock.
" 16th,	" :	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A. Toronto.
" 23rd,	" :	Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto.
" 30th,	" :	Rev. R. Tiefy, B. A., Toronto.
May 7th,	" :	Rev. William Henry Warriner, M.A., B.D., Montreal.
" 14th,	" :	Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.
" 21st,	" :	Rev. J. J. Hare, B.A., Whitby.
" 28th,	" :	Rev. Archibald McGregor, Forest, Ont.
June 4th,	" :	Rev. Hartley Carmichael, Richmond, Va.

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

GENERAL.

MRS. HANNAH SMITH, the "Gypsy Queen," died suddenly a few days ago. Her age was only thirty-six. Imposing ceremonies took place at the gypsy cave near Elizabeth, N.J, the corpse being dressed in her wedding gown, while her fingers, breast and ears were decorated with jewelery and diamonds which were all buried with her.

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THE Princess Louise is organizing a party of ladies of high rank to visit the Columbian Exhibition, Ottawa and other parts in Canada, during the next summer. The Princess is always popular in Canada and we shall be only too pleased to welcome her once more amongst us.

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MRS. FLORENCE OSBORNE, who gained such an unevitable notoriety in England, in connection with the theft of her cousin's jewels, has given birth to a daughter. All true women will have a feeling of thanksgiving that her pardon by the Home Secretary has saved the child from the odium of a birth in prison.

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IT was expected that the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck would have had the title of Royal Highness conferred upon her by Her Majesty in the list of birthday honors. Her omission from this evidently marks the Queen's displeasure at the rumors of her engagement to Prince George of Wales, to which she is strongly opposed. The Queen only consented to the Princess' engagement to the Duke of Clarence after many protestations from the Prince and Princess of Wales, and although the latter was exceedingly popular in England, Her Majesty is just as strenuously opposing the proposed engagement with Prince George.

TORONTO.

WE are glad to hear that the health of Miss Benson, daughter of Rev. Manley Benson, who has been suffering from diptheria, has much improved.

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A PARTY of Toronto ladies are starting at the end of this month for a touring trip in Europe, among whom are Miss Jessie Gooderham and the Misses Herbert Mason.

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MR. J. J. MCKENZIE, B. A., assistant to Prof. Bryce, secretary to the Provincial Board of Health, was married yesterday to Miss Cathleen Rogers, daughter of a deceased army officer.

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AT the Beverley-street Baptist Church, Rev. Dr. Hooper united in matrimony Mr. A. Edward Kennedy (of Kennedy & Douglas) and Miss Flora McEachren. A reception at 374 King-street west followed.

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MRS. HENRY CAWTHRA and Miss Helena Cawthra, of Toronto, were presented at the Drawing Room on the 18th May to H.R.H. Princess Christian. This presentation is equivalent to a presentation to Her Majesty. Mr. Henry Cawthra also attended the Drawing Room.

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THE Victoria Club gave a promenade concert, followed by a dance, on Friday last, the decorations from their last ball remaining up for the occasion. The band of the Q. O. R. was engaged, and played a capital selection of music. About 300 ladies and gentlemen were present and enjoyed what will probably be the last dance of the present season.

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THE Rev. Principal Caven, of Knox College, has returned home after his four months' tour in Egypt and Palestine, in which he was accompanied by Rev. Robert Hamilton, of Motherwell, Ont. He was accompanied from Cairo by Rev. W. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of the Central India Mission Staff of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, who are now visiting Toronto.

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MR. EDWARD LLOYD, the great English tenor, spent the last day in Toronto before returning home, and appeared at the Metropolitan church, on Monday evening, where he took part in a service of sacred song, supported by the choir of the church augmented for the occasion from members from many of our city choirs. Mr. F. H. Torrington presided at the organ.

MR. MARTIN MCMILLAN'S residence, corner Young and Anne-streets, was the scene of a pretty affair Wednesday evening, the marriage of Miss Jennie McMillan and Mr. John P. Carruthers of Ottawa. Rev. Hugh Bentley of Hope Congregational Church, officiated at the ceremony, after which the happy couple left for a trip to Montreal and Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers will make the Dominion Capital their future home.

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THE appointment of Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, Q C., M.P., as the new Lieutenant-Governor, has given general satisfaction in Ontario. Canadian ladies are looking forward to many festivities when Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who is even more popular than her husband, gets fully established in the Government house. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is the youngest daughter of Sir David Macpherson, and is the second wife of the lieutenant-governor, being married to him in 1883.

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MR. J. J. DIXON, son of Mr. John Dixon, of Jarvis Street, was married last week to Miss Annie N. Duggan, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Duggan, of the Woodbine. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Baldwin, of All Saints church, only the immediate friends of the two families being present. The bride and bridegroom are spending the honeymoon at New York, Boston, and other eastern cities. Mr. Dixon's bachelor friends are deferring their congratulations till the return of the happy couple, for his intention to join the ranks of the benedicts was kept a close secret from them all.

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THERE was a full house at the Academy on Friday last, the occasion being the performance of Esmeralda by the St. Alphonsus Club. The playing of the piece was quite worthy of the attendance and this splendid drama was admirably represented by the cast, of whom it would be invidious to mention any in particular when all played so well. The piece was produced under the direction of Mr. S. H. Clark, who is to be congratulated on the result, while we must not forget Mr. Harry Rich, who acted as stage manager, and whose capabilities in this not always enviable position are well known to all Toronto amateurs.

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ALL Honor to the Brave. Canadians, notwithstanding all talk to the contrary, are still a most loyal people, and all who witnessed the ceremony on Thursday last at the Ridgeway monument must have felt that, should occasion ever arise, her sons would be as ready to step into the breach now as they were in 1866. One noticeable feature in the decorations was a large British flag, the one given to the Chicago volunteers. The lieutenant governor made his first public appearance at this meeting of the veterans, and could hardly have made it in a better cause. Later on, he became a member of the association, and there were ringing cheers when Col. Otter pinned the badge of membership upon his breast.

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THERE was a large audience, completely filling the Pavilion, at the closing exercises of the Toronto School of Elecution, last week, and they showed their appreciation of the entertainment provided by frequent applause and encores, while bouquets for the performers were numerous. The poses plastique carried out by Misses Harper, Newman, Gibson, Sargent, May, Matthews, Stern and Bowman, and Mrs. Elmslie were a novel feature, and were very realistic. Miss Bowman's rendering of Parthenia in the scene between Ingomar and Parthenia is worthy of special commendation. All through the performances were of exceptional merit, and Mr. S. H. Clark is to be congratulated on the success of his pupils.

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EVERY nook and corner of the Mutual Street Rink was filled on Friday during the school childrens' concert, when 1,800 of the public school children of this city showed the results of the training they receive in music and singing. The conductor, Mr. A. T. Cringan, must deservedly feel proud of his work, for when one considers that the voices were not selected the effects produced seem almost marvellous. The children are taught on the Sol Fa system, which, for simple music, is no doubt ahead of any other system of sight-singing as regards facility of acquirement. One or two of the pieces produced bursts of enthusiasm; "God Save the Queen" was heartily sung as the new Lieutenant-Governor, with his wife and party, entered the box reserved for them; but the most striking response was to the "Maple Leaf," which, accompanied by the waving by the children of a profusion of maple boughs, thoroughly aroused the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of every one present, and the large audience cheered and cheered again. What an effect this must have had on Mr. Alexander Muir, the composer of the song, who sat quietly listening, I can scarcely imagine. May we echo in his words:

On Merry England's far-famed land,
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song both loud and long,
'Till rocks and forests quiver;
God save our Queen and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

The speech of the Lieutenant-Governor at the close fetched forth other bursts of cheering. We understand that the performance is to be repeated on Dominion Day, and those who were unfortunate enough to be absent on Friday will have a chance of spending a couple of hours that will leave many pleasant memories behind.

* * * *

I HAVE been surprised at more than one thing, during my visits to the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, at their rooms on King street west. First, I am surprised at the numbers and quality of the pictures exhibited, being almost without exception the work of Toronto artists. Art is evidently not at a standstill here, as far as workers are concerned, for there are few towns of its size which could show such a collection from purely local sources. Next, I wondered at the scant amount of appreciation shown, as evinced by the attendance at the exhibition. I fancy some of this must be due to the want of knowledge of how good the collection is. But not all. We evidently want more artistic appreciation in Canada, and I am pleased to hear that the step taken by this Society in opening a good art school, bids fair to be a success, as this is only one rung on the ladder, which leads to an enlightenment of the masses in this respect. Art has advanced by leaps and bounds in England since the establishment of the Science and Art Department some three decades since, and though, perhaps, the number of first grade-painters in the Old Country has not increased, (first grade-painters are born not made) the number of those who can appreciate a good picture has increased a hundredfold. I cannot pretend to give a list of the principal pictures shown, but should like to congratulate Mr. Carl Ahrens on his "Cradled in a Net." Mr. Ahrens is still a young man, and if he goes on as he has begun, I shall hope to see one of our Toronto artists in the front rank of living painters. May I recommend all our readers, who have not already paid a visit to this collection, to make a point of doing so, they will not regret an afternoon so spent. And, if a suggestion to the committee be not out of place, I should like to see the exhibition open during one or more evenings at popular prices. There must be many picture lovers who cannot find time during the day, and some sons of toil who can appreciate a good painting, but can hardly spare the necessary quarter. Both these classes would be caught by opening one or two evenings towards the close of the exhibition.

* * * *

ONE of the most brilliant weddings of the season, took place last week at Northfield, 372 Jarvis street, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Maud Rutherford, fifth daughter of the late E. H. Rutherford, of Toronto, to Mr. C. A Pipon, manager of Molson's Bank here, and son of General Pipon, C. B. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Toronto, at 2.30 P. M., only immediate friends being present. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. E. C. Rutherford; her sister, Miss Amy Rutherford, was the only bridesmaid, and Mr. A. B. Broderick, manager of the Brockville branch of the Molson's Bank, acted as groomsman. A wedding reception was held at 3 o'clock, and was attended by a large concourse of friends. The charming residence and grounds were splendidly decorated, flowers being abundantly used in all the rooms; in the dining-room pink flowers only were used, and white in the drawing-room. In the library were the presents, which formed a large and costly collection, but space prevents us from enumerating them. The newly married couple left Toronto at 5 o'clock for New York, en route for England and Jersey, where Mr. Pipon has many friends, and where considerable portion of their four months tour will be spent. We have reproduced on page 377 sketches of the bride's and bridesmaid's costume. The bride's dress was in white silk, and white brocaded silk with silver brocading, with a long train. The front of the bodice was held together by a diamond brooch, and a diamond star was worn on the hair, these two being the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid's dress was in mauve crepon, with surah silk vest, sash and cuffs, the vest being edged with narrow passementerie. Full sleeves were worn, and a ruffling of crepon round the bottom of the skirt. The hat worn was a Leghorn straw, trimmed with chiffon bows and a profusion of lilacs, the bouquet also being composed of the latter lovely flowers. The bride's travelling costume was in the new Russian blue cloth, handsomely trimmed with blue, black and gold, the hat worn with it being poked shape in jet and gold with two skeleton quills and long broad ties The ocean costume was in myrtle cloth, trimmed with myrtle velvet, the hat being a spiral crowned walking hat to match the dress. The bride's dress was a charming production, and one which we seldom, if ever see, equalled in Toronto. It was made by Wm. Stitt & Co., who deserve mention in connection with it. Miss Gurney was responsible for the bridesmaid's dress, and Murrays made the hats in the trousseau.

BELLEVILLE.

A QUIET wedding was celebrated here last week between John Maclaren, of Quebec, and Miss Emma Forin, fourth daughter of Mr. John Forin, the well-known architect and builder. Only near relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present at the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Toronto, assisted by the Rev. J. L. George, of Belleville Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Victoria, and the Rev. David Maclaren, of Alexandria. Miss Lizzie Forin was bridesmaid and Mr. Henry Maclaren, of Ottawa, cousin of the groom, acted as groomsman. Mr. John Maclaren is the second son of the late James Maclaren of lumber fame.

BRANTFORD.

MR. GEO. H. WILKES left for Chicago this week.

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MISS ALBERT of Indianapolis is the guest of Miss Scarfe, Brant Avenue.

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MR. W. B. LEEFE, ledger clerk in Bank of Commerce, has just been transferred to the same company's office in Ayr, where he will occupy a more lucrative position.

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THE prize meeting of the Brantford Whist Club, was held at the handsome residence of Mr. Joseph Stratford, Glenhurst. The season which has just closed was a very successful one.

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THE concert given by the Misses Webbing in the Opera House, Friday evening, was a grand success. These talented young ladies deserve much credit for the manner in which the programme was executed.

Our American Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ATLANTIC CITY, the great seaside resort of Philadelphia, being the Mecca to which we were bound; our stay at Lakewood was brief. The trip from there to Atlantic City, which is on an island on the southern Jersey coast, is through miles of scrubby pine forest on a monotonous level, scarcely a house to be seen. The train often stopped, where a grass grown road and a post with the name painted on it were the only indications of a station. The names were very unique, "Chew Roads" causing a general laugh on the train.

On leaving the Jersey Central for a branch-road running to the coast, the landscape was pleasantly varied; beautiful peach orchards in all their pink glory fairly bewitched us. We rode through miles of the deep pink bloom alternating with thriving villages, where the chief industry was fruit canning.

We caught our first glimpse of the ocean just as the sun was setting in unusual beauty. As we watched it sink beyond miles of waving grass and gleaming water, we were entranced with the beauty of the scene, it seemed like a wonderful dream.

In a few minutes we reached the station; it was quite dark, the hackmen and hotel runners were howling and our rosy dreams were rudely dispelled.

Tired and hungry, on reaching our hotel we dined and retired, hoping to renew our delightful dream of the sunset, but instead—perhaps because of dinner—we dreamt the engine had broken down and stranded us near "Chew Roads.

The main attraction at Atlantic City is the board-walk, four miles long and about twenty-five feet wide, skirting the ocean. On one side as far as the eye can reach rolls the broad Atlantic; on the other is the "infinite variety," which is said to be woman's charm-

THE BRIGHTON.

bazaars—Turkish, Japanese, Yankee—shooting-galleries, book and candy stands, baths, fortune-telling and weighing machines, sun-parlors, "merry-go-rounds," and soda fountains, everything to occupy the idle and tempt their dimes.

We bought ottar of roses from a Turk. He was genuine, we were sure, but the perfumes is more than doubtful. The Japanese bazaars were interesting and everything was remarkably cheap, so we bought more than we could conveniently carry. In one bazaar there was a Japanese woman and her two children, round-faced, black-eyed little girls about four and five years old. I tried to coax them to stand still for a picture, but they ran into the rear of the store and hid, taking possession of the candies first, however.

Going into a "merry-go-round,"—it is enclosed in a big glass house and heated—we were surprised to find a number of ladies riding, while about fifty were sitting in the chairs with their fancy work or books. It seems this is the general meeting and gossiping place, to which most of the ladies from the numerous hotels flock for a talk after a promenade on the board-walk.

"Will you take a swim?" I asked.

"You are crazy," responded my friend, drawing up her fur collar.

"In the Natatorium," I mean. "Don't you see, 'Hot Salt Baths?'"

We went in to look about first. I put my hand in the tank. It felt icy. The air was as cold as the water. We hastened out into

BRIGHTON PARLOR.

the sunshine leaving our "swim" until we returned to New York.

Resolved to "do" the town thoroughly, we shot, or watched the male contingent shoot at a squirrel perpetually jumping over a log, dropped our pennies and had horrible fortunes pointed to us, bought and tried to eat "Only original salt-water taffy," rode in the electric cars, and gathered clam shells on the beach.

One morning we devoted to the light-house and life-saving station. The light-house keeper, a very fine looking old man has been in charge for twenty years, during which time he has been away but two weeks. The tower is one hundred and eighty-seven feet high and the light can be seen a great many miles. He said how many but I am anxious to establish a reputation for veracity I won't repeat it.

The life-saving station is just back of the tower. We were shown the life-boat, the car, which is like a tightly covered canoe; the cannon used to shoot the line to the distressed vessel, and the rockets which will carry a line to a vessel two miles away. The coast here is dangerous and they have had sometimes as many as eleven wrecks in a season, to which they have rendered aid.

An afternoon was profitably spent on the "Stafford," a whaling bark that was stranded on this coast about two years ago. It has

THE SEAWARD SIDE OF THE PIAZZA.

been drawn up beyond the water line and fitted for visitors, and for ten cents apiece we not only saw the vessel, but heard an extremely monotonous lecture on the "whaling industry." What was formerly the deck is now enclosed and hung with pictures of different species of whales. The lower part of the vessel, which is unaltered, was of much greater interest to me. I went into the "fo' castle," and tried to imagine listening to one of Clark Russell's sea tales in that room, not more than seven feet square, not more than enough head room to stand upright, with bunks for twelve or fourteen men and no ventilation except from the hatchway, which must be closed in foul weather. I will read the "fo' castle stories" with a sense of being smothered after this. Even the captain's cabin is not much more than a closet. Any boy with a desire to go to sea will be thoroughly cured by half an hour on the "Stafford,"

I have not spoken of the hotels; they are perhaps not so numerous, but would be as hard to number as the sands on the shore. I started to count as I saw them but my arithmetic failed. The Mansion, Craymore, Windsor, Brighton, Shelburne, United States and Hadden Hall are among the largest. The hotels generally are well appointed and the fare is excellent. Each hotel has its band of music and sun-parlor. We had excellent music and every night the dancing-room was filled with beautifully dressed girls and an

MUSHROOMS.

occasional, very young man. When I find a hotel where there are enough men to be partners for all the pretty girls, I will write you about it in capitals.

DAISY DEAN.

Be Independent.

Nothing conduces so much to success as independence.

People who are always waiting for help usually have to wait a long time.

Assistance is not always to be had for the asking. No matter how incompetent a man may be, there is always something he can do for herself.

Never "wait for dead men's shoes," for you are very likely to be disappointed.

As for girls, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your father and mother toil for your daily bread.

Go to work! Home labor will not injure you. Don't be afraid to soil your hands.

Sew, teach school; or, if you know how to cook, and can do nothing better or more remunerative, go into some one's kitchen and earn your livelihood. If your means place you beyond such need, be independent in another way; learn how to help yourself as much as possible.

We like women who can do their own cooking or washing, and thus become independent of servants when they go off in a huff.

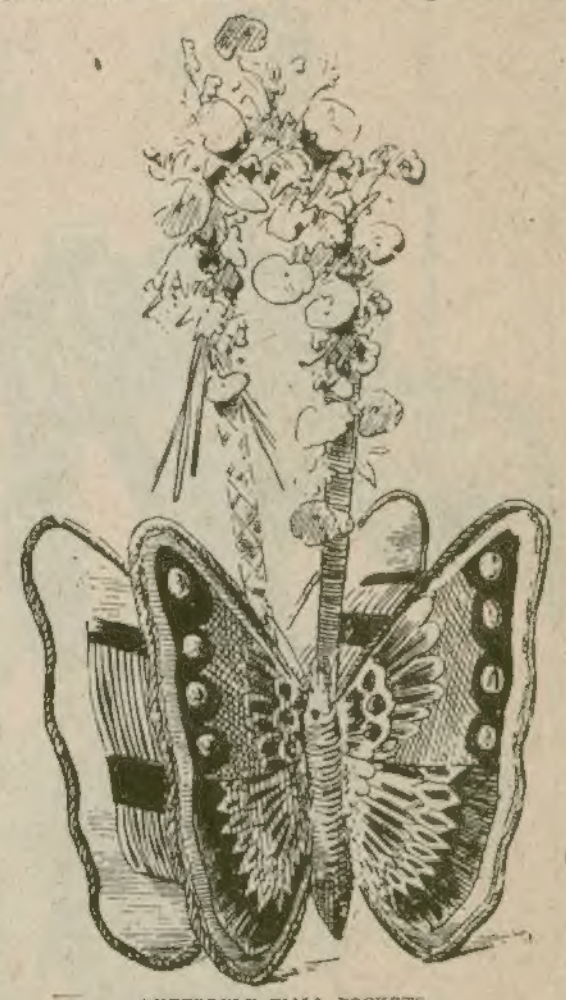
Give a helping hand when you may; and if in need of assistance yourself, gratefully take it if it is freely offered, but never wait for it.

Independence is always honored; therefore be independent, and by self-reliance show that at least you are deserving of success.

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

BUTTERFLY WALL POCKETS.—It is made of stiff cardboard covered with velvet and satin embroidered in bright hued silks; a



BUTTERFLY WALL POCKETS.

satin bag is placed between the two shaped pieces of cardboard, and it is suspended by a wire covered with floss silk and entwined with flowers.

FANCY TABLE.

FANCY TABLE.—It is of gilded wood with a heart-shaped top enameled and painted; below is attached a bag of India silk which is useful for containing sewing implements.

FLOWER SACHET FOR THE TABLE.—Pink satin embroidered in gold and trimmed with gold lace and bows.

FLOWER SACHET FOR THE TABLE.

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

SUMMER BLOUSE.

Fashion Notes.

Tea jackets are more in demand just now than tea gowns, and no wonder, for they are so extremely convenient to slip over an ordinary skirt. The very latest tea gowns, however, have a suspicion of paniers with the inevitable Watteau pleat and ruffles of lace, these being composed for the most part of shot silks, crepons, and Pyreneen woollens.

OUTDOOR DRESS, PRINCESS STYLE, MADE OF CLOTH AND TRIMMED WITH BRAIDS.

A pretty trimming of summer dresses is composed of quantities of long loops of the narrowest ribbon which forms a cascade down one side of the skirt; it is extremely effective in pale green as it then has the appearance of ribbon grass.

Some pretty cambric and muslin petticoats for ordinary wear are trimmed with fine torchon lace; and more elaborate French petticoats have deep flounces of fine Brussels and Valenciennes lace reaching quite to the knee, and headed with a wide band of insertion. One remarkably handsome petticoat has bands of insertion placed in deep vandykes right in the centre of the lace flounce—a decidedly novel and effective idea.

Irish guipure both in white and twine color is used on everything, gowns, bonnets and even on the camails and long coats. It forms deep pointed capes which fall over the shoulders in the three-quarter camails and is made into jabots, revers and bands upon the tan and grey jackets which reach almost to the knee.

The romantic looking veil in either white point de Brussels or Chantilly is the newest thing out; it is worn over a big poke or a Gainsboro hat to which it is attached by fancy pins or a drawstring. When adjusted it falls almost to the knees and imparts a somewhat mysteriously sentimental appearance to the wearer; it is sometimes looped about the brim of the hat, lifted in front so as to partially show the face and left to droop on each side. The new veil is not likely to become popular and will appeal to but few women.

GIRL'S DRESS.

The "bud bodice" is about the sweetest thing in the world of fashion just now, for it is of filmy chiffon, sprayed with tiny rosebuds, and flushing faintly with the color of its rosy-tinted lining. The fairy like fabric is folded about the fitted lining as if a needle had never touched it, and where its edges caress the white shoulders it is fringed with tiny Bon Silene buds and blossoms. The plain full skirt of chiffon falls upon a ruche of the flowers, and a cluster of buds fastens the belt.

India linen with stripes simulating the Russian cross stitch embroidery and in dull blues and reds make up nicely for seaside gowns; they are rather simply made with full skirts and blouse waists and are set off with yards and yards of blue and red ribbon; the Russian blouse is an admirable style for these dresses. Dotted mulls and lawn have deep inserted borders of pale blue, mauve, or pink, hemstitched on to the white, or sometimes this border is also white with delicately wrought garland or small detached bouquets alternating with herring bone or revers work.

The fancy for high-colored and black underwear has entirely gone out, and is not now considered either lady-like or becoming. there is no question but that white and tinted underwear is far more appropriate and genteel than any of the fancy stuffs ever put upon the market. A great deal of white India and China silk is used for this purpose; but they are not as much liked as the knitted goods, which are glove-fitting and really very handsome. Ladies who cannot find the knitted goods to fit them often have corset covers and underwear made of silk by the yard. The glove-fitting vests of silk, which are among the spring importations, are the most perfectly shaped and handsome of any ever brought out; indeed, the improvement in this class of goods is something almost marvelous.

The parasol is becoming so ornate that it might well be substituted for the hat; some of them are as dainty as a spider's web

DRESS OF FANCY WOOLEN MATERIAL TRIMMED WITH BRAID AND VELVET.

and are made of the finest alencon or duchess point or of frail fairy like chiffon painted with watteau figures or with garlands of myosotis or hedge roses; others are drawn with fine folds which form vandykes and still others are laid in tiny pleats the edges left loose to form a fluffy ruffle. These charming parasols are most becoming, and on a summer afternoon form a delicious adjunct to the diminutive French toques which are scarcely more than a scrap of lace and ribbon.

"SHE waved her umbrella and caught his eye," said Hawkins.

"Did he put the eye out?" asked Smithers, who had seen women waving umbrellas before.

MISS HALL'S COSTUME AT VICTORIA CLUB BALL.

BRIDESMAIDS COSTUME.
JEAN
MISS RUTHERFORD'S WEDDING DRESS

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

SOMEHOW, my cousins dear, it seems longer than usual since I had a chat with you last. Perhaps because I have been busy, busy and thinking hard. I know you are just such nice girls that you will say "goodie," when you know that cousin Ruth is going to have a lovely time next month. The leafy month of June! Away across the ocean in a lovely home, there lives a gracious and beautiful lady, she is watching for cousin Ruth, and her gentle face brightens, framed in its pure widow's cap as she hears the reading of a letter that is there just about now. A big cousin reads it in a rich, manly Irish voice, and he says, "She's coming, the dear old girl!" and round the house he rushes to tell everyone and all the loving Hibernian hearts are glad over it. Do you wonder I want to go pretty badly?

I AM going to tell you lots of things about that visit I hope, and if I can, I shall interview some fine ladies and some noted men and women, just for the pleasure of telling you what they are like, and what they say. So now, you can all wish me a merry time, and a safe journey and though I will miss you sadly, still I shall take a good bundle of letters from the gold hand to answer while I am on the way. About the second week of June, you can look out at the earth and sky and sea, and say, "Good-bye Cousin Ruth," for I shall be saying the same to you!

So you want to come into the corner, Gipsy? Well, you sound nice with your picnic sort of name. that makes one think of tents and canopy wagons and camp fires. Only twelve years old, are you? You and cousin Mabel should write to each other. She isn't very old, either. If you would like to write to her, I will send you her address. I am so sorry you are not strong enough for school, I am sure Lily Pearl will like to have your loving message, she really does live in Africa and she *is* lonely, just as you think she would be. Certainly you may come agan, my dear child, perhaps writing to our corner will cheer away some of the pain. Be sure and try!

WELL, I declare, the children are out to-day sure. Here is Kitty just twelve years old too! I can scarcely believe that a twelve-year-old wrote this nice chatty letter, Kitty. I certainly don't think short dresses would look well on you, my dear, if you are five feet four inches tall. How you made me laugh, Kitty, she is so funny, girls, about her height and her ways! And she would like to go to England! Small blame to you Kitty, just creep into my gripsack and I'll take you along next week. I do hope if you are not able to come and see me here, that we shall meet at the Exposition in 1893. I am going, and Boaz, too, if the weather holds fine. I am afraid, cousins, that Kitty is a bit of a blarney. Listen to her pleasant evening. "I wish that I could go into your study and have a cosy chat with you and see if I could help you in your work." Ah, Kitty, you would soon cut me out with your coaxing ways! and the girls would not want me any more. Kitty wants hints for some tableaux, which young girls can take part in. "Three little maids from school" is funny. They have long pantalettes, and old-fashioned gowns, and their hair is braided in little tags and tied with ribbons over each ear, one has a piece of canvas to embroider letters on, the second has a little spelling book, and the third has a slate with a hideous face on labelled "Teacher," she is laughing, the second is pouting with her thumb in her mouth, the first sits in the middle, sewing. Spring —with wild-flowers; summer—with a hayrake and big straw hat; autumn—with garlands of leaves and fruit; winter—with furs and skates and sleigh; are four little figures that group nicely. The days of the week, are seven in a half circle, Monday is washing, Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday, knitting; Thursday, mending; Friday, sweeping; Saturday, baking; Sunday, sits back on a raised place, with bible and hymn book quietly reading. I have no room for more, Kitty. Your loving

Cousin Ruth

"I am something of an expert at palmistry, dearest," said the young man, taking her hand. "In the lines of this fair palm I can trace——"

"Oh! no, no, no! I don't want to know the future, Harry. But can you truly read the lines in the palm of my hand?"

"I can dare——"

"Then please turn down the light a little lower, Harry!" she said, with a shudder.

In The Garden.

"And the Spring arose on that garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere."
—SHELLEY.

The Editor of this Department will be pleased to receive suggestions and contributions from those interested in gardening.

In an Old Garden.

Down this pathway, through the shade,
Lightly tripped the dainty maid;
In her eyes the smiles of June,
On her lips some old, sweet tune.
Through you ragged rows of box,
By that awkward clump of phlox,
To her favorite pansy bed,
Like a ray of light she sped;
Satin slippers, trim and neat,
Gleamed upon her slender feet;
Round her ankles, deftly tied,
Ribbons crossed from side to side
Here her pinks, old-fashioned, fair,
Breathed their fragrance on the air;
There her fluttering azure gown
Shook the poppy's petals down;
Here a rose with fond caress
Stooped to touch a truant tress,
From her fillet struggling free,
Scorning its captivity.
There a bed of rue was set,
With an edge of mignonette,
And the spicy bergamot
Meshed the frail forget-me-not;
Honeysuckles, hollyhocks,
Batchelor's buttons, four-o'clocks,
Marigolds and blue-eyed grass
Curt'sied when the maid did pass.
Now the braggart weeds have spread
Through the paths she loved to tread,
And the creeping moss has grown
O'er yon shattered dial stone.
Still, beside the ruined walks
Some old flowers, on sturdy stalks,
Dream of her whose happy eyes
Roam the fields of paradise. —JAMES B. KENYON.

THE CHINESE LILY.

Shoo-Sin-Fah.

The Chinese Lily.

BY CLARA SPAULDING BROWN.

The Chinese lily is becoming so well-known and liked by American flower-lovers, that the following legend of its origin may be of interest. It was related to me by a Chinaman in Los Angeles, where the lily is very plentiful at the time of the New Year festivities. The bulbs are sent over from China, and planted in a flat dish filled with pebbles, and kept continually moist. From two bulbs given me (for good luck) by a Chinaman, over sixty blossoms were obtained, remaining fresh several weeks and filling the room with their powerful fragrance. The "Shoo-Sin-Fah" is beloved by all Chinamen, and possession of in bloom at the New Year time is supposed to be a surety of it good fortune throughout the year.

Here is the legend: "Once there was a man in China who had two sons, and who also had two pieces of land. One piece of land was in the valley and was very fertile, the other piece was next the mountain-side and was covered with small stones and pebbles.

"When the father died, one of his sons, who was very sharp and shrewd, said to the other son, 'Now, we don't want to have any trouble about this property, so let one of us take one piece of land and the other take the other piece of land, and then it will be all right between us.'

"The other son was a good-natured fellow, and he found no fault when he was told to take the stony piece and his brother took the rich valley land, but contentedly settled down upon it. By and bye the rains came, and lo! there appeared this beautiful and fragrant flower, springing up in every nook and corner of his barren domain, and filling the air with its sweetness. People came and admired the marvellous thing, and finally the Emperor heard about it and sent for some of the flowers. He was so delighted with them that he ordered some bulbs for his conservatory and they were given the most tender care, but they would not grow.

"Nowhere in China, but on this young man's ground, would they flourish, and the consequence was he speedily became immensely rich, so that his scheming brother was poor in comparison."

The lesson taught is that contentment has its own reward.

Hints on the Culture of Roses.

Situation.—A place apart from other flowers should be assigned to them, if possible, sheltered from high winds, but open and not surrounded by trees, as closeness is very apt to generate mildew; where they cannot have a place to themselves, any part of the garden best fulfilling these conditions will answer.

Soil.—A most important item in their successful cultivation. That which they specially delight in is a rich unctuous loam, that feels greasy when pressed between the fingers; where this is not to be had, the soil must be improved—if light, by the addition of stiff loam well worked in; where heavy, good drainage is the most essential requisite for success.

Planting. November is the best month, but it may be done anytime when the ground is in good order, during the winter months. In planting budded plants on the Manetti, place the point of junction beneath the soil, as the roses will then make roots, and the plant has a double chance. Mix some loame and well-rotted manure together, open a good sized hole, and fill it with fresh soil; plant firmly. Tea roses should be protected by fern loosely scattered among them. Shorten any very long shoots, and if exposed to wind secure the plant with short stakes.

Manuring.—Roses are strong feeders, and will take almost any quantity of manure; pig manure is the best except in hot soils, when cow dung is preferable; stable manure is generally available and good. Exhibitors generally apply a top dressing in spring, but it does not improve the appearance of the beds. It is a good plan to place dung on the beds in winter, to be dug in in the spring.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"A hint is often all that is needed."

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

The Beauty of Cleanliness.

We all have our opinion of the slattern; she who goes about with tumbled locks, gowns from which half the buttons are gone and their places supplied with pins, and shoes which have long since ceased to have use for a button hook. Yet this woman was once a girl, who, with proper training might have been taught to keep herself neat and tidy.

Girls when out of school should never allow the day to pass without changing their work dress for one fresh and clean. The hair should be neatly brushed and special attention given to the hands, nails and teeth. These last items are often over-looked and an otherwise neat-looking girl may be seen with dark lines under the finger tips, and her teeth which should be white as ivory, so discolored as to be disfigurement.

A good preparation to soften and whiten the hands is made of glycerine and rose water in equal parts. A small proportion of lemon juice added is an improvement. Wash the hands thoroughly in warm soft water using some good soap. Wipe, and while yet moist, rub in a few drops of the above mixture. It is also good for the face, used in the same manner.

Most people would have a clearer complexion if more thorough attention were given to keeping the face perfectly clean. I do not mean that we really have dirty faces, but that a good washing with warm water and soap is as essential to the face as to the hands.

For the teeth, a few drops of spirits of camphor in half a glass of water is as good as anything. If this is used every day with a stiff brush nothing else will be needed. When the teeth are badly discolored a dentist should be employed to clean them and they may be kept white by the free use of a brush.

Clean collars or ruches, fresh handkerchiefs, and neatly kept hosiery and gloves, are the mark of a tidy girl; while the underwear should be nicely made and as elaborately trimmed as circumstances permit. But girls, never wear beruffled skirts and white dresses and leave mother to do the laundrying of them. Wear as pretty clothing as you can, but remember that for long years, while you were a child, mother took pride in having your little dresses and skirts perfectly "done up" and many a hard hour's work has it been. Now relieve her of that, and she will appreciate it.

Perhaps it is not necessary to mention in this connection the importance of regular bathing of the whole body, and still it is one of the most flagrantly violated of all the laws of health, especially among the lower classes. A good bath is at once a luxury and a necessity, and no one can lay claim to habits of cleanliness who neglects it.

Let me call particular attention to your morning toilet. Don't come down to breakfast with disordered dress and hair just any way, because there is no one but your own family present. Father and brother can appreciate a neat appearance. It will not be lost, you may be sure. Always remember that a neat girl makes a neat woman, and that a careless girl develops into a slatternly woman.

In The Play Room.

"All childhood is innocence."—Stoe.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Modern Casabianca.

The boy lay in his little bed,
Though oft' his mother called:
"Get up! come down to breakfast, Fred"
"Get up!" his father bawled.

Yet quiet and serene he lay,
As though he heard them not;
Opossum did the youngster play,
Though things were getting hot.

The time passed on—he did not start!
But took another nap,
His father up the stairs did dart
And gave his door a rap.

He cried aloud, "say, Freddie, say!
Why don't you leave your bed?"
But silently young Freddie lay
As though he were quite dead.

"Speak, Freddie," once again he cried,
For I must soon be gone,
And "—but a lusty snore replied—
Pa's patience nearly gone.

Up to his face quick ran the blood,
He tore his auburn hair,
A moment at the doorway stood
In still, yet deep despair.

And shouted 'gain, with thunderous knock
"Young scoundrel do you hear?"
While in the hall loud ticked the clock
That grated on his ear.

With angry push he op ed the door,
And slammed it to again,
With noisy strides across the floor
To the bed he walked amain.

Then came a sound like threshing wheat,
Or butchers tendering steak,
Hear screams! hear moan! here scamping feet
Oh, Freddie is awake.

A ringing bell, a mother's call
May sometimes wake a lad,
But the only sure thing after all
Is a father when he's mad.

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

No. 1. Riddle—Friendship.

" 2. Diamond—

E
END
ENTER
ENUENOM
ENTERTAIN
DENTIST
ROAST.
MIT
N

No. 3. Charade—New, found, land—Newfoundland.

" 4. Anagrams—Great artists. 1. Sir Joshua Reynolds. 2. David Leviers. 3. William Hogarth. 4. Michael Angelo. 5. Sir Anthony Vandyke. 6. Hans Holbein. 7. Peter Paul Rubues. 8. Claude of Lorraine.

Puzzles.

QUEER QUERIES FOR THE QUIZZICAL.

No. 1.—What is it that has no head, and yet possesses a large round mouth that is always open, that roars occasionally, but it is always silent when unfed, has no hand to help itself to food, and no eyes to see what it eats?

No. 2.—What is it that has a face lacking eyes, nose and mouth; wheels, but no carriage to ride in; chains not intended for ornaments; weights, but no scales to use them with; hands that have no fingers; and that never comes up stairs, but is perpetually running down?

BURIED TOWNS.

No. 1.—He was in bed for days after his fall out hunting.

No. 2.—Give me a strawberry or Kate will give me one.

Mill Creek, May 8th, 1892.

Dear Hazelkirk:—I received your kind and welcome letter, and was pleased to hear from you. My home is in the much admired City of Salt Lake, but I am at present living in Mill Creek, a little village about nine miles south of the city. Mamma has been teaching in the Academy here. I have been attending school at the academy all winter, and have enjoyed my studies very much. The building which is made of brick, is two storeys high, besides the basement, this contains the furnace, which is used for heating the building. The location is beautiful, being a level tract of land elevated above the surrounding country forming a kind of table-land or platform. The school owns ten acres upon which are several hundred shade trees. The trees around the building and edge of the grounds are planted in two rows forming a pretty avenue. We depend upon irigation in this locality, as the climate is dry. The land being so much higher than the rest around here, they sank two artesian wells, which flows like a fountain all the time, and supplies all the water necessary. Your paper is a welcome visitor to our house; I am always glad when it comes and shall be pleased to conribute to it when I can. I remain yours respectfully,

Maud E. Bliss.

Mistakes no Disgrace.

It is not disgraceful to make mistakes. Those who never make mistakes never do anything worth mentioning. The attitude of men with reference to their failures is something disgraceful. One who cannot see his own errors, even when they are pointed out, will not make much improvement. Until we discover and deplore our defects, we will not take pains to remedy them. Frankness in confessing faults is a great grace. When one becomes so perfect in his own estimation, that he has no occasion to confess his faults to his neighbors, he is well-nigh beyond the reach of hope.

Pink and Puss and Pitto.

Three Little Mischiefs.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER I.

Little Pink Carewe looked up at the queer little box on the mantle, with one finger between her pearl teeth. Rose was so mean to put it up there where her little sister couldn't reach it; Pink was just going to get it somehow, and she ran off presently for a chair. When she had brought it over to the side of the grate she looked around at the door.

There was nobody there, only a tall glistening statute, whose head seemed bent in a listening attitude. Pink took the hint, and went to peep out between the pale blue plush curtains that parted the hall and drawing room. It was a false alarm, and as she came back she made a little face at the figure, and said, "You think you scar't me, don't you?"

And then she climbed up on the chair—oh! She drew back so quickly that she came near tumbling down. She had climbed up to the wrong end of the mantle, and as she raised her head, her big, blue eyes looked straight into the ugly ones of a hideous Chinese idol, sitting there grinning.

She pulled her chair along over the soft, thick mat to the right side of the glowing gas log in the grate, and once more ascended its rungs. Pit, pat, soft and slow, came a step along the hall. Pink grabbed the box, and slid down on the carpet again; she was looking very demure when Pussy Boots entered. His stately tail waved grandly and an enquiring expression was on his face.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Pink said much relieved. "Well, I don't care for you!" and she proceeded to show him how little she cared. This consisted in hugging him till his fur was all ruffled, and kissing him till he cried enough, which was very soon, as he was a dignified old cat and scorned such effusive displays of affection.

"Do you want to see what's in this box too?" his little mistress asked, sitting down on the carpet near him and fingering the little parcel. It was tied up in tissue paper with a soft, creamy cord and looked as if there might be something very pretty indeed inside. Pink knew where sister Rose got it. That nice Mr. "Riffraffer" had given it to her that very afternoon. He had come in a great hurry. He was going to catch a train, having been called away on business for a few days and had just time to leave this box with Pink's pretty grown up sister, with a few whispered words that Pink, lingering curiously on the stairs, could not catch; only, as he went down the steps, he called out aloud, "Be sure and write me your answer as soon as possible, whatever it is, write it—will you?"

Rose had returned his bright smile and nodded, and Pink thought her sister's cheeks very like twin carnations as she turned round after shutting the door. She followed into the drawing room where Rose went, examining the box all the way.

"Rose! Rose! Come here! Your sponge lillies are baking too fast," called Mrs. Carewe, from the kitchen, and this was what made the elder girl put her gift on the mantle and run away. Rose was one of the dearest and most dutiful daughters in the world, and she always made it a point to attend to duty first. The box would not fly away and her first attempt at fancy baking, under her mother's personal direction must not be a failure. So she flew away to the sponge lillies she had just popped into the oven.

And here was Pink and Puss, a self-constituted committee of investigation, intensely interested in the hard knot on the fastenings of the box.

Ting-a-ling. There's the bell again.

"Pinkie, dear," Rose called out, "you can open the door, can't you?"

"Pinkie, dear" frowned, but got up obediently, followed by the lazy old Pussy Boots. She opened the door to see a poor little girl whose great dark eyes stared out hungrily from a pale, pinched face. She held a thin shawl about her tightly, and put out one hand appealingly.

"Please, missie, can't you give me a copper? My mother is sick and we have nothing to eat."

Pink stared, hardly comprehending. Pussy Boots went out and sat down on the door sill directly between the two children and swished his handsome tail from side to side, while his large yellow eyes looked up into the stranger's face as much as to say, "I'm well and happy, what more do you want?"

"I'll ask mamma!" Pink said in answer to the plea for help and she left the door to run to the kitchen.

"There's a little beggar girl here wants a copper," she told her mother, putting one hand behind her and leaning in at the door, her eyes running over the good things on the table at the same time "She looks hungry, too, may I give her a cake?"

"You go upstairs for my purse and I'll go and see if she looks worthy," Mrs. Carewe said, softly, "Perhaps she has some little brothers an sisters that would like cakes too."

Pink had quite a search for the pocket-book and while looking she came across a little box that was a twin in size and shape to the one she already had in her possession; she clapped her hands on seeing it, "I'll give it to the little girl for her mother," she exclaimed, "it'll cure her up quick. Sarah Jane said it said on the paper inside "Health for every one who takes these complexion capsules." I was going to give 'em to Gertrude Gladys for her cough but I guess the little girl's mother needs 'em most!"

So saying she jumped up from the work-basket she had been diving into and turned around falling over something soft and fat and furry which yelled and squalled in a terribly piteous voice as Pink went tumbling down square upon it.

"Oh you poor Pussy Boots! Did ze 'ittle kitty-cat get hurted? I didn't mean to do it my poor darling pussy!" exclaimed Pink as soon as she could sit up and clasp the injured pet to her bosom. Then she scrambled up and gathered up cat, purse and boxes in her apron and rushed away down stairs again.

Her mother was just handing out a good-sized parcel, and receiving her purse from Pink, gave some money also to the thankful little stranger. Puss squeezed out the door and ran down to the street. Pink flew after her, and as the other child passed she shoved the box into her hands.

"You just have your mother take that medicine," she said: "She'll get well right off. Sarah Jane gave it to me for my doll but I can give her somefin' else."

The little girl took the box and murmured words of thanks but Pink did not hear them, Pussy Boots had got into trouble. He was perched up on the narrow railing of the area steps, spitting and imitating distant thunder, and right below him creeping up the rails was the funniest little monkey, all dressed up in red and with a comical, tiny little silk hat between his ears, fastened on with an invisible elastic!

"Oh its Pitto!" cried the strange little girl, "He's run away again. You naughty Pitto, come here to Hildegarde this moment."

"Is that your name?" Pink inquired interestedly, forgetting to worry about Pussy Boots.

"Yes, ma'am," came the answer. She went forward and caught up the monkey and tucked him under her arm. Her shawl flew off and Pink picked it up and pinned it around her.

"Is it your monkey?" she asked.

"No, it belongs to Mr. Peamits, a man that lives in our basement and plays an organ in the summer. Pitto is a bad monkey. He runs away so much."

Pussy Boots here gave a jump for the sill of the hall window and almost missing it, made a great howdy' do scrambling to its level. Then there was only room for three of his great cushions of feet and Pink had to go and rescue him. When she turned around Pitto and Hildegarde were walking off, the former's cunning little black eyes twisted back over his captor's arm and still watching Pussy Boots with a horrible little grin.

Rose came out here and called her sister in.

"Pinkie!" she said, quite sternly, "where is that box I left on the mantle."

Pinkie held it out with downcast eyes. "I never opened it, Rosie."

"You are a very naughty little girl," her sister said, giving a kiss for the box. "Mamma has so often told you not to meddle.

She turned aside to open it but Pink hung on to her dress. "Let me see, too," she pleaded, and Pussy Boots rubbed himself against Rose's pretty slippered foot, stopping now and then to smooth a ruffled hair with his tongue, and now and then crying out something that sounded like "me too!"

(*To be Continued.*)

Hazelkirk

Arranging Other's Love Affairs.

Two business men, who have long been warm friends, met the other day. One of them had a gloomy look, and his friend finally asked him what the matter was. It was the old story. His son had fallen in love, and wanted to marry a girl whom he had not known a year. The father was opposed to the match, but he did not like to interfere. "Let me tell you a story," said his friend, "and then you may agree with me that it is of no use to try to account for one' falling in love. Every one does it differently. I know a man who met a woman one summer a good many years ago. He saw her, perhaps, only a half a dozen times. He was a poor man, hard-working and ambitious, and was seeking his fortune in a big city, say New York. When his scant vacation was at an end he went back to his work and pegged along. In two years he had saved enough money to feel able to afford another little vacation. He hadn't heard a word from that woman in the meantime, but he sacrificed a very large part of his vacation fund in getting to the town where she lived. He had only three days to stay there, and before he went back to the city he told the girl that he loved her, and that he had waited two years for the opportunity to tell her, that their lives ran in such different channels that he might not see her again for two years more. He took her promise back with him. They got married and every day of his life he thanks God for the fate that led him to that little country town almost thirty years ago. I'm the man, John, and you know what a treasure the woman is. Don't try to arrange the love affairs of other people." The little romance is so simple and pretty that it seems worth the telling.

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, May 30th, 1892.

Gradually all the members of the royal family are beginning to emerge from their retirement, and to take part in public functions. My particular neighborhood, South Kensington, was favored by the presence of royalty on Saturday last, when the Duke of Connaught opened the International Horticultural Exhibition. I am looking forward to many pleasant hours at this same exhibition, for as you know flowers have a special attraction for me, and here one can revel in flowers. On the opening day the large halls and gardens were a perfect fairy-land, and every one predicted that the exhibition would be a great success. We are to have flower and fruit shows every fortnight, and frequent lectures on horticultural subjects. One of the chief attractions, if not the chief one, is "Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show." It is five years since his first visit to this country, and then how popular he was! Indeed some of the society papers used to ridicule his exceeding popularity with the fair sex, he was quite the "lion" of *that* London season. I must own to a decided partiality for the Wild West Show; the whole thing is so delightfully novel and picturesque, and I quite feel there must be a great fascination in the free, easy, eventful life led by these "cowboys" in their native wilds. The Queen has, at length, decided that she will not take part in any public functions this season, therefore, the duty of holding the Drawing-Rooms on Monday and Wednesday next devolves on Princess Christian, she being the eldest daughter of the Queen now in England. It is said that the Duchess of Edinburgh feels hurt at this; but it is the old question of precedence again. It is not difficult to understand, however, that the Queen's daughters take precedence of all her daughters in-law, with the exception of the Princess of Wales, who, as the future Queen, ranks next to the Sovereign. Society greatly misses the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales; no festivities or social gatherings seem the same when they are absent. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been exceptionally busy this last week, and have performed a host of public functions of a philanthropic nature. The Princesses Victoria and Maude of Wales have benefited greatly from their recent change of air and scene; you know they have been at Marlborough House for the past week, and were often to be seen walking on Bond street, and Piccadilly with their chaperone. They are both very fond of "looking at the shops;" Princess Maude, especially, rejoices greatly whenever she is able to escape from the restrictions of court etiquette, and thinks there can be few things more delightful than to ride on the top of an omnibus. Since the marriage of the Duchess of Fife, her sisters have enjoyed much more liberty. From fear of making my letter too long last week, I postponed telling you of one or two of our usual May Day customs. Coming as it did, on a Sunday, this year, any festivals were kept on a Monday. Of course the great Labor Demonstration took place on Sunday in London, as it did in many parts of Europe, and everything passed off more quietly than had been expected, very likely for that very reason. In Paris, great preparations had been made to prevent any further Anarchist plots and outrages, and several regiments of soldiers were brought into the city to be in readiness in case of emergency. Prevention was certainly better than cure, for the day passed over most quietly and peaceably, indeed the Parisians said that the streets of their usually gay city were as dull and deserted on that particular Sunday as London streets on any Sunday in the year, which is saying a good deal. Some time since I sent you an account of Prof. Ruskin's home at Coniston, and now I want to tell you of a very pretty May Day festival instituted by him about eleven years ago at Whitelands Training College for Girls. As you know, Prof. Ruskin has always taken a great interest in young girls, and this festival is certainly a proof of his kindly feeling towards them. The proceedings began quite early in the morning with a short service in the chapel, which, as well as the rest of the rooms, was profusely decorated with most lovely flowers. After the service, the students dressed in pink and white, walked in procession to the "throne" room, where the queen of the previous year abdicated in favour of her successor. After this a ballot was taken among the students for the election of the new queen. According to Mr. Ruskin's words the choice was to fall upon "the loveablest, the likeablest and the cleverest" among the juniors. The new queen now retired to be robed in a new dress, specially provided for the occasion, during her absence the girls sang some glees, and danced very prettily a few fancy dances, including the Maypole dance and a minuet. The principal gave a short address and then a procession entered, headed by the new queen in a most picturesque and handsome trained gown of pale green silk, and wearing a wreath of fresh apple blossoms. The procession consisted of eighteen tall girls bearing long, white, flower-decked wands, these were the queen's maidens, and they were followed by the queen dowager and the rest of the students. The queen was then enthroned with all due formality, and the countess Cadogan invested her with a gold cross and chain, the gift of Mr. Ruskin. It was then the duty of the new queen to distribute prizes, consisting of all Prof. Ruskin's works, among the senior students. It is altogether a very pretty ceremony, and quite a "Ruskinian" idea. The old May Day custom of bringing round the Maypole is fast dying out, at any rate in London, although I saw several very good ones this year, Our cart-horses, as a rule, present a very gay appearance on May Day, and their drivers must have spent considerable time and money on their decorations. It is quite astounding what an amount of taste is often displayed in these decorations. I noticed one handsome gray horse this year, whose name "Star" was traced in silk over his collar, and who was very prettily decorated with rosettes of the national colors. There is a curious old custom which is observed on May Day, at Oxford. At five o'clock on May morning the choristers of the college assemble on the top of Magdalene Tower, and sing the quaint old Latin hymn "*Te Deum Patren Colimus*," etc. The singing usually occupies about five minutes, and is listened to by great crowds of people from far and near, who gather beneath the tower. I have not been able to find out the origin of this peculiar celebration with any certainty; by some it is said to have been substituted for a mass, anciently performed for the soul of King Henry VIII, but it is probably, like other May-day usages, a relic of Pagan times. I have just paid a visit to the Danish Art Scool of Needlework and Decoration, and was much interested in the many different specimens of Danish, Norwegian and Swedish work which I saw. I think what took my fancy most were the looms for all sorts of weaving. Strange as it may seem, weaving is quite a fashionable employment with Swedish and Danish ladies, and it is quite usual to find a lover in a lady's boudoir. I think weaving would be somewhat complicated for me, but I am thinking of trying the lace-making. I saw such a fascinating little cushion and bobbins with a sweetly pretty pattern commenced that I almost felt inclined to take my first lesson at once. The great speciality of the school is the richly drawn linen work, and it is this branch in which Mrs. Conyers Morrell, the clever editress of the *Art Designer*, takes such an interest. Mrs. Conyers Morrell is quiet an authority for fancy-work; she writes wonderful articles on all the newest work in the *Ladies' Pictorial*. By the way, have you come across the new game "Cozari," in your part of the world? It was lately brought out by Mrs. Conyers Morrell, and a capital game it is too. It is something after the style of croquet, and is played with mallets and balls, but it is far superior to croquet, as being much more interesting and scientific. It has also been adapted as an indoor table game, which will I am sure be a great source of amusement for both old and young in the long winter evenings. Mrs. Langtry is once more among us, and delighting large audiences at the "Criterion." To my mind her acting in the "Fringe of Society," is the one redeeming feature in the play. The character she takes is an unpleasant one, but no one could have done better with it than Mrs. Langtry, and the final scene was really a triumph. As you know Mrs. Langtry is always renowned for her style of dress whether on or off the stage, and in this play she appears in some very charming gowns. For a afternoon visit she wore a long, simple brownish frock with a clinging skirt and corselet bodice; the head covering, (but what a ridiculous name to give the tiny "capelet," which only covered four or five square inches of her hair?) was made of cloth to match the costume, and was simply edged with many colored silk embroidery. The tea-gown which she wore in another scene was a triumph of art, and I certainly should not mind possessing a fac simile. The skirt and bodice front were of silk, a lovely shade of heliotrope, trellised with gold. The tight-fitting back of the bodice, and upper part of the sleeves were of plain silk, and the Watteau train which started from the neck, was of soft undulating *crepe de chine*. It seemed altogether too lovely a form for the stage. In my next letter I hope to tell you something about the gorgeous work at the drawing-rooms, it is whispered there will be some novel departures as regard trains and colors. I heard of a rather good idea the other day for dinner-parties. It was at a house where everything is very well done. Just before handing the wine and dessert, the butler sprinkled the table with Florida water poured from a little watering can. As you may imagine it was most refreshing, and removed any remaining odor of the viands. Although your Canadian houses are mostly heated with hot air pipes or stoves, I believe many people still rejoice in open fire-places as well, not for the warmth the fire throws out, but for the "cheery look" of the blazing coal or logs, which one misses so much with the stoves. If you are the happy possessor of such a fire-place and want a pretty decoration for it during the summer, you cannot do better than to adopt the following. Obtain a piece of thin plate glass mirror the size of the whole opening and have it firmly fixed, if it is fitted into a narrow frame of any sort of wood, it will be more easily draped; this must be done with a pretty soft shade of art muslin or silk to match the coloring of your room; fill in the space inside the fender with folds or rather billows of the muslin and among it stand pots of ferns or flowers. Silver American cloth (as we call it) makes a very good back-ground for the ferns instead of the mirror. Next week I hope to give you some little ideas for summer cookery.

Stop in Time.

Even agreeable people can easily degenerate into bores.

Tom Moore was a charming singer of his own songs, but no one could persuade him to sing more than two at one time.

He was the pet of fashionable society, and would flit about of an evening from party to party, always importuned to sing, and always willing to gratify others in this way; but he had no idea of stepping over the line and allowing a single person to be annoyed.

Two songs would be agreeable. Three or more might cause him to be voted a bore, and so he always resigned his seat at the piano when everyone wished him to remain.

If other people, and especially if politicans would act on the same principle!

If the young man who drops into a neigbor's once or twice a week and stays there three hours, thus making himself a terror to a well-ordered household, would only limit his calls to thirty minutes.

One of these who extendrd his call well toward midnight was quickly asked by his hostess if he would remain to breakfast.

He was a sensible fellow and took the hint in good part, learning a lesson which always helped to make him a welcome guest.

MAMMA. "Yes, poor Mr. Black fell and broke his leg, and now I hear that white swelling has set in, I pity him."

MAMIE (perplexedly). "But how could white swelling set in the leg, ma, when Mr. Black is a colored man?"

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. *Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.*

GRETA.—It is certainly correct for the gentleman who is with you to raise his hat to the lady whom you salute. It would no where be considered forward. Likewise, if two gentlemen walking together meet a lady known to one of them, the other must also raise his hat, out of respect to his companion's friend. Anyone who said such a courtesy was forward, only showed his ignorance.

JOHN C.—You can get very good board at some places in Muskoka. There are fashionable hotels at Beaumarie, Maplehurst, Sandfield, and half a dozen other places. Most of them are fullest during July and August. Some people camp out and board at the hotels. This is a very pleasa t way for gentlemen, and healthy for all.

LOQUITOR.—Ascension Day is not a holiday in protestant countries. I should not expect, if I were you, to have leave to go to church services, as you did in your old home.

SAY SO.—The exhibition was free, and by invitation afterwards a fee of twenty-five cents is charged. Yes, I think, if you have an hour to spend and are interested, it is well worth the money. The best pictures are George Reid's foreclosure of the mortgage. Wylie Grier's portrait of Mrs. Kerr, Carl Ahren's cradled in the net, and the Modern Cherub. J. W. L. Forsters, Miss Maude, and Mrs. Dignam and Mrs. Reid's flower pieces. There are many others very good, but you had better go and judge for yourself perhaps.

BROWN EYES.—I am sorry I gave the wrong address for the toilet preparations. I should have remembered that Miss Moote has removed to Yonge street, next Walker's photo studio. The number has escaped my memory.

JULIA DOUGLAS.—I think for a clear complexion, dark hair and eyes and small features, the mauve and white would be very becoming. Don't use embroidery, get the modish new Irish lace, and make a *berthe* and cuff of it.

TRAMP.—For a successful walking party, get some eight or ten people, and arrange so that if anyone is too tired to walk back, they can return by some train or carriage. Don't go too far, have some home where you can count upon a good cup of tea and some light refreshments, and be sure and get home in time for a short rest before dinner. Select a central *rendezvous* and you will not lose time waiting for laggards. It is not necessary to have equal numbers of ladies and gentlemen. Some ladies enjoy themselves without a male escort just as well. It is a good plan to start rather earlier than you suggest, at half-past one or two.

TRAVELLER.—The very best sea-going dress is made of well shrunken navy blue serge, plainly shaped, with bell skirt, short basque and coat sleeve, fashionably loose above. Don t put velvet or any trimming on but plain stitching. ave the seams pressed open and stitched on the right side in two rows. For a hat, a plain felt, and for sea travel, a cosy, warm knitted hood are comfortable and nice.

JOW JOW.—A ladies' pneumatic safety costs all the way from one hundred dollars up. The advantages of the pneumatic tire, are easy going and increased speed. It might certainly get punctured, but not if you are careful. A cement and apparatus for mending tires can be carried with you, I am told.

INDIGNATION.—It is certainly very trying to have a so-called lady act in such a way, I should be very distant to her in future. if I were you, and freeze out all her advances to intimacy. You cannot be too careful of a curious and gossiping neighbor. At the same time she may mean no harm. In any case, be cautious how you speak before her, and what privileges you allow her.

An Ideal Husband.

98 He is chaste in his language, slow to anger, content with his lot, temperate in all things, considerate for the comfort and happiness of others, amicable in all his domestic relations, patient in trouble or distress, gentle and refined in manner, yet of manly courage, affectionate, amiable, trustful, hopeful, reliable, veracious, and unselfish. He has a high appreciation of all that is beautiful pure and good, is firm in the right, true to himself, and true to his God. Such a husband is worthy the highest homage a woman may give him.

99 He should be able to support a wife comfortably, should have a firm, but kind and gentle nature, should have good judgment, have his temper entirely under his control, kindly reason with and explain all things which she does not clearly understand, if she be cross and ill-humored at times, he should speak to her kindly and he should sympathize with her in all her afflictions and care, he should spend his leisure time with her, see that she has pleasure as well as himself, never deceive her.

100 The man who has developed a character which aspires to manliest manhood, and which is so broad and high that he lifts the fallen, not as fellow-mortals but as fellow-immortals, who partaking of the character of Christ, is true, honest, just, in conversation pure, to age respectful, to his mother thoughtful and good. He will be long-suffering, kind, gentle, considerate, thinking no evil, rejoicing in truth, bearing, believing, hoping, enduring all things for her, whose head he is. If she be indeed "a help-meet for him," their's will be an ideal home, he "an ideal husband."

Opals May Now Be Fashionable.

Queen Victoria, at her last Drawing Room, wore a necklace and some brooches of large opals, surrounded by brilliants. Now, all London is after them, and the world of fashion everywhere. The unhappy significance is forgotten for the time, and all the sad associations clinging to the fatal jewel. Poor Eugenie, the beautiful, ill-starred empress of the French, reluctantly consented to wear a set of opals at the last grand fete given at St. Cloud in 1870. Two days later the Franco-Prussian war was declared, and the empire dethroned. The Austrian empress took from their case a set of opals which for years had been lying by, and wore them on the occasion of her last public appearance, just before the death of her son Rudolph. But now opal is the jewel, and come weal, come woe, the fateful gem will flash upon us everywhere.

Man's Love.

Although we have the dictum of Byron that

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

we hold it to be but a poor and commonplace philosophy which teaches that man can not love as truly and permanently as a woman.

There may be fewer instances of man's life-long devotion, but there are many to prove the fact that he is capable of deathless love.

There are fewer instances, because the temptations to forget the first strong, overpowering passion of our being are more frequent with men than with women.

Other passions naturally try to unseat from the heart's throne any dominant power which tramples them beneath its feet, especially when its sway has been unhappy.

The busy scenes which men pass through give to those passions—ambition, avarice, the love of fame, and many others—every opportunity of dethroning love, if love be in himself not strong and firm.

Business, pleasure, danger, strife, and all the many memories attached to them, strive to efface, by the crossing of new lines, the impressions of early years; but the diamond can neither be scratched nor sullied, and if the heart be of a baser stone it may and will lose the image that it bore; but if it be, like that jewel, firm and clear and pure, it will retain unchanged that which has once been engraved upon it.

In truth, the heart that has truly loved, whether it be feminine or masculine, seldom ceases to worship at the shrine of its pure, exalted devotion.

Don't be a Bachelor.

Young man, don't live a crusty bachelor.

It is not good for you.

It will neither improve your morals, your health nor your beauty.

Marry as soon as you can make it convenient, or as soon as you can shape your affairs to support a wife.

But when you marry don't fall in love with a face instead of a woman.

Remember that common sense is a rare virtue, much better than silver, and gold, and fashion.

Don't court and marry dress and money-bags, simply because it is dress and gold in plenty, but look for some practical sense in a woman first: that is the touchstone to try her other qualities by.

When you have that all else comes.

Your wife that is to be, if she is full of common sense, will grow to your way of thinking, and make you grow to hers.

A woman that has womanly love in her heart will find ways to make your love toward her grow as the years grow over you both.

And another thing needs to be heeded, and that is a common-sense woman is not to be found where fashion insists upon dragging your females into a whirl, where there is simply idle gossip and tattle.

Young man, don't stand looking after that young woman with the distinguished air, the reputation of a flirt and a belle, and whose father has heaps of cash; for it is not impossible that while you are straining your eyes that way, you may be turning your back upon some unobtrusive damsel whom nature has cut out for your better half, and who may be just that pleasant-faced, placid-tempered, lovable little creature who will think enough of you to go with you to the end of the world, and stay by and comfort you when you get gray haired and fidgety.

Marry young gentleman and keep yourself out of scrapes.

Have something to live for.

A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants entire men.

So mend yourself and be happy.

A New Departure.

Scientific progress all along the line is the distinguishing feature of the mental activity of our era. There is no department of natural affairs, upon which steady and successful effort is not being concentrated, for the amelioration of society and the preservation of the individual. To chemistry we owe much of this progress, not only in administering to the necessities and comforts of life, but also in the prevention and cure of disease. It has long been a recognized fact, that upon the supply of air, and whether it be pure or the reverse, depends primary our health, nay even life itself. And it is the oxygen of the air which is the first and greatest necessity of the human organism. Deprived of it, man's existance would terminate in a few moments. Civilization in many ways lessens the available oxygen, and the power to absorb it, hence we find a vast horde of diseases in all civilized countries unknown to man in a natural state—bearing many names, but originating in a common cause. These considerations, while well recognized by the medical profession, have not, until within the last two decades, received a successful solution. It occured that a change of scene, and a reversal to more primative habits of life would meet the requirements. But the augmented supply of oxygen was not always coincident with increased absorption of it, owing to deficiency of carrying power in the vital fluid. At last it occurred to the originator of Dr. Howard's perfected preparations, that a substance, which taken into the blood, should cause the blood to absorb larger quantities of oxygen, and at the same time be itself consumed by the oxygen inhaled, would be an ideal remedy for a vast array of human ills. This remedy *has been discovered*, and is presented to the public as "Dr. Howard's Blood Builder for Brain and Body," and the usefulness of the remedy far surpasses the discoverer's anticipations.

Pursuing the same line of thought the investigator found digestive disorders caused by the elimination of certain natural digestive agents from ordinary foods in the course of their preparation. To supply these lacking constituents, in a concentrated and agreeable form, was a problem which found its solution in "Dr. Howard's Seven Spices" and "Dr. Howard's Golden Grains." These preparations are so unique, and essentially different from all other remedies, that we do not consider an apology necessary on calling our readers' attention to our advertising columns, where these remedies are described. We know the firm to be reliable and feel certain that they will not make claims that are not borne out in fact.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Danger in Cold Baths.

The coldest natures take the hottest baths, and are not enfeebled by them. It is the blood heated by youth or the fire of full life which makes the cold dip or spray, but beware how you nerve yourself to endure it. A cold bath may be a risky experiment. The rule that cold bathing is safe when followed by good reaction, is not wholly sound. I recall a woman who used to take baths of the coldest well-water daily and find great refreshment from them, who afterward charged weakness of the heart and general debility to this excessive stimulus. Dr. Shoemaker says all the persons he has known who boasted of breaking a film of ice to take there baths died early, yet, doubtless, they felt good reaction at the time. It is doubtful if any grown person, allowed free choice, ever persisted in cold bathing which left a chill. It is safer to say, take a cold bath when it is absolutely delicious in antictpation and actua enjoyment.

A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of **PEARLIFOAM,** THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome **Gold Watch** to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTEL CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of **Pearlifoam,** before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked *first* which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the *first* prize, the balance in order as received. For the *last* correct answer we will also give a handsome **Gold Watch;** to the next to the last a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a SILK DRESS PATTERN; to the sixth a pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the seventh an elegant MANTEL CLOCK, *and a valuable prize will also be given to* **every person** *who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly* until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce **Pearlifoam.** Our prizes are entirely FREE. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to **Pearlifoam,** which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of $100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used **Pearlifoam** cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

Pearlifoam is sent by mail postpaid. Prizes in the above Portrait Rebus are to be carefully awarded strictly as deserved. Address, **EXQUISITE TOILET MFG. CO., 170 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.**

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents GUNNELS' MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 19-10in

Ladies to Introduce
Our Designs in
REAL HAND PAINTING
We will mail a lovely, useful design for a Cushion Top for 10 cents.
Our Prices will SURPRISE YOU,
Being so low; but we guarantee you will be delighted with our Wall Panels, Bracket Drapes, Table Scarfs, etc. Don't delay in sending for SAMPLES and PRICES. We supply beautifully painted pieces to be made up by SPECIAL ORDERS. Address,
THE LADIES ART SUPPLY CO., Toronto, Ont.
Lady Agents Wanted. 18-13in
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

CRAYON PORTRAITS FREE FOR 30 DAYS.
In order to introduce our high-class Crayon Portrait Works we will make a life-size genuine crayon portrait free of charge, in consideration that you buy a frame of us. This is a bona fide offer. We sell you a frame, best quality gilt and combination, from $1.95 to $5, about one-half the price you pay in other stores. Call or write us at once; this offer is good for only 30 days.
THE DOMINION PORTRAIT CO.,
3 Gerrard East, - - - Toronto, Ontario.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 22-5in

MRS. WRIGLEY,
Teacher of Piano.
TERMS—MODERATE.
77 JOHN STREET.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly

—WHAT—
EVERYONE - IS - LOOKING - FOR
Is a good Piano or Organ at a moderate price and on easy terms of payment.
WE CAN FURNISH
Just such a desideratum, and from two sources of supply. First of all we have generally on hand a varied stock of
STEINWAY, CHICKERING, FISCHER, HARDMAN,
And other Pianos, taken in part payment on new instruments of our own make. They are in good order, and can be sold at prices from $100 to $200, on terms of $5 to $8 per month.
KARN, BELL, MASON & HAMLIN,
And other Organs in fair order at from $50 to $90—all slightly used.
Our Second Source of Supply
Is in our famous
MASON & RISCH STYLE "A"
Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7 1-3 Octave—our regular selling price for which is $350, with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this paper.
OUR $90.00 CORNWALL ORGAN,
Style 191, at $5 per month, is creating a sensation. It is an 11-Stop Organ, with four sets of reeds, solid case, 6 feet high, with plate glass mirrors, and is offered at this special price for two months in order to introduce this beautiful new design.
More expensive goods always on hand to suit customers who desire special instruments.
MASON & RISCH,
32 KING STREET, W., TORONTO.

Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

To Regulate the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, TAKE **RIPANS TABULES.**
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Mention Ladies We yreow.

The Attention of the Public

Is attracted by any new feature in newspaper advertising, but it must be strikingly novel if the advertisement is read a second time.

The display advertisements of retail merchants are artfully worded and appeal strongly to the economical housekeeper. Flat irons at seven cents and a Monday bargain sale in ribbons open the pocketbooks of the modern Mrs. Toodles.

The real estate agent with town lots for sale in an earthly paradise, ten miles from the court house, furnishes free transportation, a brass band and a free luncheon for prospective home seekers.

The railway companies do their share of contributing to the support of newspaper proprietors. Their time tables, showing arrivals and departures of trains, are paid for in cash, or in tickets which will enable the editor and his best girl to ride on the trains.

One railway company will advertise that it is a "short line to Omaha." A competing line then positively states that it is "a shorter line to Omaha than any other," and now the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway insists that it is "the shortest line to Omaha," and proves it.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. also says that it is the "best line to St. Paul and Minneapolis," with "electric lighted trains" and reading-lamps in each berth so that one can read all night long if he has a book and don't want to sleep. It brags about the "finest dining cars in the world," with the best of meals served on imported china by the most expert and civil of colored waiters, at seventy-five cents, while the lines east of Chicago charge a whole dollar.

And—once more—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway opens up a new through car line from Chicago to Denver, via Omaha and Lincoln, and it isn't long before the whole world says to itself that "shortest line to Omaha," that "best line to St. Paul and Minneapolis," and that "new route to Denver," must be the only first-class railroad in the western part of the United States, and what the whole world says must be true.

All coupon ticket agents in the United States and Canada sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

For information concerning the line, time tables, etc., address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont. 24-2t

Successful Competitors.

The following were successful competitors in our Frog and History Competitions:

FROG COMPETITION.

J. Lovell, Hamilton, Ont., first prize; W. C. Widdifield, Newmarket, Ont., earrings; M. J. McCarthy, 442 King St. W., Toronto, education; S. T. Bastedo, Toronto, music box; Kate D. Moore, 21 Wilton Crescent, Toronto, silk dress; G. Walker, 41 Gould St., Toronto, do.; W. J. Horton, 57 Louisa St., Toronto, do.; W. B. Evans, 14 North St., Toronto, do.; H. Merrifield, care of John Macdonald & Co., Toronto, do.; W. Bannon, 85 Major St., Toronto, lamp; Florence Snarr, 393 Huron St., Toronto, do.; L. E. Foord, 70 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto, parlor lamp; H. Macdonald, 45 Grange Ave., Toronto, do.; Thomas George Baker, 228 Markham St., Toronto, do.; B. A. Blachford, 33 Prospect St., Toronto, do.; Philip Halipook, Toronto, do.; Mrs. D. Platt, 31 Wood St., Toronto, do.; Bertha Clarke, Riverside School, Pt. St. Charles, Que., do.; Mrs. Wm. Donnelly, 156 Gursnel St., Montreal, do.

HISTORY COMPETITION.

Miss Minnie Gray, 38 Sullivan St., Toronto, first prize; W. H. Bissell, Toronto, middle prize; Mrs. W. B. Hampton, Mount Forest, Ont., last prize.

Double Trips.

Commencing June 9 the steamer Empress of India will leave Toronto at 8 a. m. as well as 3 40 p.m. Leaving at 8 o'clock will enable passengers coming in by the early G. T. R. trains East and West to connect with the Empress. A fast train will leave Port Dalhousie immediately on arrival of steamer for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. By taking the early boat you can have over 8 hours in St. Catharines, 7 hours at Niagara Falls or 5 hours in Buffalo and be home early same evening. This will be a very convenient hour for excursion parties leaving Toronto. Passengers coming in by G. T. R. eastern trains and going via Empress have their baggage transferred free from depot to steamer by giving their checks to the agents of the Verral Transfer Co.

A button on your shirt is worth two down the back of your neck.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself never keeps a bull-dog.

In eight per cent. of the marriages one of the parties has been married before.

HEARING
SPEEDILY and PERMANENTLY
RESTORED
WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

THE AURAPHONE CO.,
300-302 Powers' Block.
24 tf ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Sunlight * Soap
—DOES AWAY WITH—
THE * TERRORS * OF * WASHDAY.

It brings Ease and Comfort and does away with hard rubbing, tired backs, sore hands, hot steam and smell.

Very little of SUNLIGHT will do a great deal of work, hence it is not only the best but the cheapest soap to buy. TRY IT. 20-tf
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Taggart

Quality * Pays.

Influenced by sharp competition, manufacturers are cheapening quality, and using inferior material to save money

We will not purchase goods other than the Best in Quality and Material. "Taggart's" Watches are first-class, accurate "Timekeepers," fitted in perfect finished cases, and people are finding it out. We are selling this month

* FOR $5 00. *

Our No. 50 Ladies' Silver Watch; open face, Coin Silver Case, Hand Engraved Landscape, Gold Inlaid, Stem Wind and Stem Set, fitted with a reliable Jewelled Movement, guaranteed and kept in repair for five years, free of charge. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of price, $5.

A suitable Sterling Silver Victoria Fob Chain, with Pendant Charm Attachment, supplied for $1 extra, with the above watch.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Album of 208 pages. A complete Buyers' Guide, containing the information you require in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Art Goods, Guns, Bicycles, Athletic Requisites. Price, 50 cents.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.,
89 King Street West,
TORONTO, - - - - CANADA.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

$15 PER WEEK
IS A GOOD SALARY!

We will pay it to any lady who wants respectable employment and can sell our goods. We want a representative in every city and town in Canada and the United States to introduce our **Hand-Painted Fancy Work** into every home. Requires no talking; sells at sight. *Light, pleasant, profitable and respectable employment.* If you think you would like to work for us send in your application at once, and enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver, and we will send you an elegant sample of our genuine hand-painted fancy work, postpaid, by return mail (sells for $1), with full instructions how we want you to work for us. Let us hear from you at once, as territory is being rapidly taken up. Address **The Platt-Owen Art Painting Co.**, 31 Wood Street, Toronto, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 24-tf

Piano
AND
Organ
Chairs
AND
Stools.
FINEST IN CANADA.
Ask your dealer for them or send to us for catalogue.

OTTERVILLE MANUFACTURING CO'Y., Limited,
24-4in OTTERVILLE, - ONT.

Women suffering with Piles can get a positive, painless and absolute Cure by using the EUREKA PILE CURE. Correspondence solicited. Letters strictly confidential. W. A. NESBITT, 101 Bay street, Toronto, Ontario. 18-1y
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

If You Have Not Yet Used Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Dainty Toilet Preparations Try Some of Them.
They Always Please.

Hair Restorer for gradually restoring gray hair to its natural color; not a dye; harmless. Price, $1.00.

Jasmine Kasmeo for to make a velvety, close-pored, fine-grained skin and preventing wrinkles. Price, 75 cents.

Eugenie Powder in flesh, white and brunette tints, removes that oily look from the skin these warm days; entirely imperceptible; delicate as a rose-leaf. Price, 50 cents.

Treatments for every defect of Hair, Face, Hands or Figure.

Superfluous Hair Removed from Face, Neck or Arms, Permanently, Painlessly and Cheaply.

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STEAMER
Empress OF India
—FOR—
ST. CATHARINES
—AND ALL POINTS ON—
WELLAND DIV. G. T. R.,
NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK,
Daily from Geddes Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, at 3:40 p. m.

EXCURSION CHARTERS
Can now be made at Low Rates for above points. Special rates for
SUNDAY SCHOOLS
—AND—
CHURCH PARTIES.
Committees are asked to see us before closing elsewhere. Apply at
STEAMER OFFICE, 69 YONGE ST.

SPECIAL OFFER.

In order to introduce our
Inhalation - Treatment
We will cure cases of
* CATARRH *
Free of all charge. All that we ask in return is that each patient, when cured, will recommend the treatment to other sufferers. For free cure apply without delay. We have hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada. In no form of disease is the wonderful potency of Medical Inhalation better seen than in the treatment of Catarrh. By means of the
GERMICIDE INHALER
We send the proper medicinal agents directly to the seat of the disease, destroying in a short time all ulceration and inflammation. Under its influence the irritated surface is soothed and healed, and the discharge rapidly diminishes. This seems too good to be true, but true it is, as hundreds in all parts of Canada can testify. What more rational method can there be of reaching and healing the diseased air-passages than by the use of the proper medical and chemical substances inhaled into the cavities. Those who prefer to write to some of the patients who have been cured can correspond with the following: Rev. J. S. Norris (late of Toronto), now pastor of First Congregational Church, Parkersburg, Iowa; Mr. Douglass, conductor, 11 Ontario street, Toronto; Mr. T. Mills, 29 Christopher street, Toronto; Mr. W. Fever, surveyor, 800 Seaton street, Toronto; Mr. J. A. McNair, Schau, Ont. Enclose a three cent stamp for reply. In the past two years we have treated over 300 cases of Catarrh free of all charge. It has paid us well. Neighbor tells neighbor, and friend tells friend of our success. If you have Catarrh do not fail to call or write. Address:
MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,
286 Church Street, - - - - Toronto, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 19-tf

SILK SATIN and PLUSH REMNANTS for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted colors, 10c; 3 pkgs. 25c. A large pkg., all colors, embroidery silk, 20c. Sheet of crazy stitches and 32 p. cat. of fancy work with every order. Canada currency, silver or stamps taken. LADIES' ART CO., Box 897, St. Louis, Mo. 18-1yr
Ment on the Ladies' Pictorial Week

A WOMAN HATER.

This man is indeed an unfortunate being. In a moment of weakness he has committed bigamy and married four wives. Their faces can be found in the above picture by careful study. The proprietors of **Ford's Prize Pills** will give an elegant **Gold Watch** to the *first* person who can make out the four wives' faces; to the *second* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to *each of the next three* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, (16 yards in any color); to *each of the next five* a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit. Every person competing must cut out the above puzzle picture, distinguish the four wives' faces by marking a cross with a lead pencil on each and enclose same with ten Canadian three cent stamps or fifteen U. S. two cent stamps for one box of FORD'S PRIZE PILLS, (which will be sent postpaid and duty free). The person whose envelope is *postmarked first* will be awarded first prize and the others in order of merit. The person sending the *last* correct answer will also be given an elegant **Gold Watch** of fine workmanship and a first-class timekeeper; to the *next to the last* a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to *each of the next three to the last* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, (16 yards in any color); to *each of the next five to the last* a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit, counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers) in this prize picture contest. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in the prominent daily papers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way. They are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar-coated, do not gripe**, very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this picture puzzle kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in, and do not fail to enclose 30 cents for one box of Ford's Prize Pills. This is necessary if you desire your answer counted for prize. Address **THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St., Toronto, Can.**

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SEVEN SPICES THE STOMACH SPECIFIC

B. BLOOD BUILDER FOR BRAIN & BODY

GOLDEN PURGATIVE GRAINS

ARE NOT PATENT MEDICINES. They are Pure and Successful Remedies discovered and used by an eminent physician over twenty years. They are

NOT CURE-ALLS,

but each has a distinct field of action, and all work in harmony as follows:

For all Digestive Disorders, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Pain, etc.

TABLETS $1.00 per box; six boxes, $5.50.

PILLS for all Physical or Mental Weakness, Nervous Prostration, Female Supressions and Irregularities, Anæmia, Loss of Power, etc., 50 cents per box; six boxes, $2.50.

LITTLE PILLS for Liver, Bowels and System cure Sick Headache. The best Spring Medicine. 25 cents per box; six boxes, $1 25.

A BREATHING SKELETON.

EAST WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 17, 1892.

The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville:

Gentlemen,—I have used your Seven Spices, and I can recommend them as a sure cure for Dyspepsia of the worst kind. I was brought so low with this terrible disease that several physicians pronounced my case to be Cancer of the Stomach, and surrendered me to die as incurable. I was merely a breathing skeleton. Uncle Abel Coleman, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., came to see me, and brought me some of your remedy. I was so tired trying to live that I said to myself, "I will never try it." But he was so sure it would help me that I tried. It agreed with me, relieved my pain immediately, and enabled me to take and digest food. My husband purchased a supply of the medicine, and, thanks to your remedy, I was cured in a very short time, after two years of suffering. I know that the Seven Spices saved my life, and I think it only justice to other sufferers to furnish this testimonial.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. CLARK EDDY.
Witness, Miss Minnie Eddy.

Of druggists, or postpaid on receipt of price. Address:
The Dr. Howard Medicine Company,
24-tf 363 Main Street, Brockville, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

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James Bain & Son,

FINE STATIONERY,

KING STREET, - - - TORONTO.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Can You Name Them?

Five Prominent Canadian Statesmen.

Above is given a portion of the portrait of five eminent and well-known Canadians who have taken an active part in the politics of the Dominion during the past few years. To the *first* person who will cut out the above five pictures and paste them on a piece of paper upon which is written the correct names of each will be given an elegant **Gold Watch**, guaranteed to be a first-class timekeeper. To the *second* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-rings**; to the *third* a **French Music Box**; to *each of the next five* a solid **Gold Brooch** with genuine diamond setting; to *each of the next ten* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, (10 yards in any color); to *each of the next twenty* a **Coin Silver Watch**. To the *next* person who sends the correct names for the above five Canadian statesmen will be given a fine **China Dinner Service**; to *each of the next five to the last* will be given a **Silk Dress Pattern** (10 yards in any color); to *each of the next ten* will be given a genuine **Diamond Brooch** in solid gold setting. We are anxious to attract attention to our beautiful **WORKS OF ART**, which we are selling at less than one-quarter what they can be purchased for at any of the regular art stores. Every person answering this prize face contest *must enclose ten three cent stamps* for one of our genuine reproductions of some celebrated picture. Nothing like them can be bought at the art stores for less than $1.00 each. All answers to this prize face contest must be received by us on or before July 15th. Our prizes are genuine and valuable. Nothing is charged for the above rewards in any way. We absolutely give them free to attract attention and introduce our beautiful works of art. As to the reliability of our company we can refer you to the leading business houses in Toronto. All rewards are to be given strictly as merited, and satisfaction to the public is guaranteed. To attract special attention to our celebrated Bromo-Crayon Portraits, we shall give one of our elegant **$18 Crayons** as an extra special prize each day during this contest for the first answer received and opened at our office upon that day. The only conditions attached to this extra prize will be that the party receiving it is to allow us to frame it, etc., ready for exhibition, and allow us to refer prospective customers in their vicinity to them as to the quality of our work. Upon receipt of your answer enclosing ten three cent stamps, one of the beautiful art reproductions, suitable for framing, will be sent to your address promptly, and if you are entitled to a reward for correct answer you will receive notice of it promptly. Address **ANGLO-AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, No. 9 Ground Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont.**

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

DR. LaROE'S COTTON ROOT PILLS.

Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful **Female Regulator known** The only safe sure and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for LaRoe's Star and Crescent Brand. **Take no other kind.** Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruations. Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price, **American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.**

For sale in Toronto, by Alex. McLaren, 181 King St. W., and Neil C. Love, 166 Yonge St.

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—ONTARIO—

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—WHITBY,—

Provides a full University Course through to the Junior Year, all the Teacher's Certificates, and the most advanced instruction in Piano, Violin, Pipe Organ, Voice and Harmony; also Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial Branches. Only gifted specialists employed. Unusually elegant buildings, inviting grounds and healthful surroundings. Apply for information to 21

PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph. D.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

BBB CURES HEADACHE

By acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing morbid matter and thoroughly cleansing the entire system, Burdock Blood Bitters promptly removes Headaches of all kinds, no matter how obstinate or severe. Constipation, Dyspepsia and Bad Blood are the usual causes of Headache, B.B.B. removes these and with them also the Headache disappears. Note the following

STRONG EVIDENCE:

"My Sick Headache occurred every week for forty years, I took three bottles of B.B.B., have had no headache for months, and recommend it highly."

Mrs. E. A. Stony, Shetland, Ont.

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BEFORE THE PROPOSAL.

SHE—"I feel like a cake of ice this morning."
HE—"That's good. Perhaps when the sun comes out you will be in a melting mood. I'll have something to say to you th n."

NEW MUSIC.—THE ELITE SONG FOLIO, containing the finest songs of the day; every piece a gem. Full lithographed work, handsomely bound in paper cover, 75 cents; in half cloth, 90 cents; in boards, $1.25; in full cloth, $1.50; by post 10 cents extra. Everything in the music and musical instrument line. Send for catalogue.
WHAYLEY, ROYCE & CO.,
18-1yr 158 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Ladies, Try Madam . . . . . Ireland's Herbal Toilet Soap
Gentleman's Ireland's Shaving Bar. One of the leading soaps of England. It removes all blemishes, wrinkles and freckles, softens the skin and produces a clear and healthy complexion. Sold by all druggists. 272 Church street, Toronto.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly

EXQUISITE NOVELTIES
FOR
Fancy Work.

ROYAL CANADIAN
SACHETS.
ARBUTUS. INDIA LILAC.
PEAU D'ESPAGNE. RUSSIA LEATHER.

Elegant Envelope Sachets (4¾ x 3¾ inches) 15 cents each or two for 25 cents. If not procurable in your locality will be mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

HAIR! NO HAIR!

LADIES WHO ARE ANNOYED WITH HAIR on their Face, Neck and Arms have a simple and perfectly harmless method for removing by using

MEYER'S LIQUID DEPILATORY

The Best, the Safest, and the Quickest Depilatory ever known.

All superfluous hair, down or beard, is infallibly eradicated without producing the least sensation, leaving no trace whatever on the skin.

PRICE: $1.00 Per Bottle.

Can be sent by mail at an additional cost of SIX CENTS.

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(Agents for Meyer, Chemiste de Paris.)
MONTREAL.
Mention the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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IN GREAT VARIETY
FROM $7.50 UP.
EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO....
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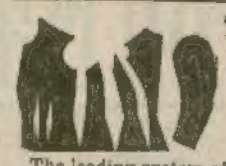

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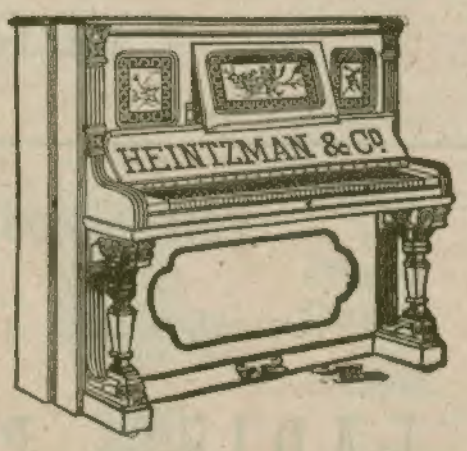

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